TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

OHIO EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

DURING THE YEARS 1856 AND 1857.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE CONVENTION HELD IN MANSFIELD, JANUARY, 1857.

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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

THIRD OHIO EDITORIAL CONVENTION,

Held at Columbus, January 17th, 1856.

The Association met at 10 o'clock A. M., and was called to order by S. D. Harris, of the Ohio Cultivator, who moved that John R. S. Bond, of the Clermont Courier, take the Chair for temporary organization. Mr. Bond was called to the Chair; and, on motion, Wm. T. Coggeshall, of the Genius of the West, was appointed Secretary.

On motion of J. Teesdale, of the Summit Beacon, a list of delegates was called for, and the following names were recorded:

Alex. S. Cox.....Zanesville Gazette.
J. Teesdale .....Summit Beacon.
Joshua Saxton.....Urbana Citizen and Gazette.
John Greiner.....Ohio State Journal.
John R. S. Bond .....Clermont Courier.
S. A. Spear .....Findlay Companion.
G. W. McElroy.....Lancaster Gazette.
O. J. Victor .....Sandusky Register.
S. D. Harris .....Ohio Cultivator.
R. McBratney .....Xenia Torchlight.

Alfred Burnet .....Cincinnati Home Journal.
W. G. Crippen .....Cincinnati Times.
A. D. Richardson.....Cincinnati Columbian.
A. B. Linn.....McConnelsville Enquirer.
A. P. Miller.....Scioto Gazette.
A. M. Gangewer.....Ohio Columbian.
R. M. Stimson.....Ironton Register.
A. J. Van Vorhes .....Late Athens Register.
R. Brinkerhoff.....Mansfield Herald.
A. D. Lord .....Ohio Journal of Education.
W. Rosselle.....Columbus Enterprise.
A. W. Francisco.....Cincinnati Columbian.
Daniel McFarland .....Portsmouth Tribune.
W. P. Dumble.....Mt. Gilead Sentinel.
W. L. Lay .....Ink Fountain, Philadelphia.
John Doren .....Hillsboro' Gazette.
Gamaliel Scott .....Columbus Elevator.
F. Gale.....Capital City Fact.
R. Hills.....Medical Counselor, Columbus.
James H. Baker ..... .Scioto Gazette.
R. W. P. Muse.....Zanesville Aurora.
S. Medary .....Ohio Statesman.
A. P. Russell .....Wilmington Republican.
S. H. Kauffman .....Zanesville Courier.
A. S. Hamilton .....Marysville Tribune.
W. C. Howells.....Ashtabula Sentinel.
S. McBratney .....Marysville Tribune.
G. W. Edwards.....Delaware Republican.
J. S. Robinson.....Kenton Republican.
G. S. Braun .....Indianapolis, Ind.
I. Thomas .....Ohio State Journal.
Chas. J. Foster.....Ohio Statesman.
Edgar B. Pearce .....Washington Register.
G. W. Sprung .....Madison Chronicle.
James A. Adair ..... .Morgan Herald.
M. J. Brister .....Newark Times.

On motion, the committee on Permanent Officers was called for, and the Chair appointed S. D. Harris, Joshua Saxton, A. D. Richardson, W. P. Dumble, Alex. S. Cox.

A committee on Resolutions having been demanded, the Chair appointed J. Teesdale, A. D. Lord, W. T. Coggeshall.

On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee on Finance and Business: S. A. Spear, R. McBratney, John Greiner.

On motion of S. A. Spear, editors from abroad were invited to participate in the deliberations of the Convention.

On motion, the Convention adjourned till 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention met at 2 o'clock, and was called to order by the Chair.

S. D. Harris, from the committee on Permanent Officers, reported the following, who were unanimously elected:

President — SAMUEL MEDARY, of Columbus.

Vice Presidents — J. TEESDALE, of Akron; R. MCBRATNEY, of Xenia; A. W. FRANCISCO, of Cincinnati; R. M. STIMSON, of Ironton.

Secretaries — JAMES H. BAKER, of Chillicothe; W. G. CRIPPEN, of Cincinnati; A. M. GANGEWER, of Columbus.

S. D. HARRIS was unanimously reëlected Treasurer.

On taking the Chair, Samuel Medary briefly addressed the Convention, alluding to the happy influence that annual meetings have upon the conductors of the Press of the State.

On motion of S. D. Harris, an invitation was extended to Thayer's Sax-horn Band, to perform during the public exercises of the Convention in the evening.

On motion of Mr. Kauffman, a committee was raised to draft a Constitution and By-Laws.

The President appointed the following gentlemen that committee: Messrs. Kauffman, Coggeshall, Bond, and McBratney.

Mr. Teesdale, from the committee on Business, reported the following

RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That in the dignity and impersonality with which the late exciting political campaign was conducted by the journals of Ohio, the question, "What good can Editorial Conventions do?" is answered.

2. *Resolved*, That in the growing brotherhood apparent among the Editors of Ohio, is indicated the good work which the interchange of personal courtesies will effect.

3. *Resolved*, That as in the progress of our State in intelligence and all the elements of national power, the press necessarily assumes the office of censor and exponent, we witness with satisfaction that appreciation of its labors which induces ability and integrity.

4. *Resolved*, That as journalists, in furtherance of the good work which the cultivation of courtesy has accomplished, we recommend watchful care for the beautiful, as the handmaid of the useful, giving beauty and utility preference over the morbidly exciting.

5. *Resolved*, That as it is only by "line upon line, and precept upon precept," truth is impressed, it is again urged upon the editorial fraternity everywhere to avoid personal criminations in their political and other controversies, as well as exaggerations and misrepresentations, tending, as they do, to destroy the character and influence, and impair the usefulness of the press.

6. *Resolved*, That as newspapers are the brief chroniclers of the times, and local items possess not only present but permanent interest, we recommend to both city and country journals the preservation, in their columns, of local history; particularly those events, traditions or legends which pertain to the wilderness and the pioneer.

7. *Resolved*, That the practice of convening together, annually, the editorial fraternity of Ohio, is one which commends itself to us from

various considerations; but, most of all, from its tendency to produce unity of feeling, diminish the asperities of partisan contests, and uniformity of action in our business relations.

8. *Resolved*, That a Business Committee be appointed by this Convention, charged with the duty of maturing and reporting business for the consideration of the next annual Convention.

9. *Resolved*, That it should be the custom of the Editorial Association to appoint an Orator and Poet at each annual meeting.

10. *Resolved*, That the scarcity of good practical printers, calls loudly for greater care in selecting apprentices, and urges upon us the necessity of requiring a liberal education, and a more protracted apprenticeship from those who desire to acquire "the art preservative of all arts."

11. *Resolved*, That it be recommended to the editors and publishers of Ohio, to announce in their respective papers, that after giving period — to be named by themselves — they will receive cash subscriptions only.

12. *Resolved*, That we suggest to the Editors of the State the propriety of appointing, in each county, some one of their number to prepare for home publication a history of the local press, and that we urge the discharge of the duty at the earliest possible period, in order that the general committee on the History of the Press of Ohio, may have ample material in ample time.

The resolutions, after brief discussion, were unanimously adopted.

The following invitation was read and accepted:

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17, 1856.

To the Pres't of the Editors' Convention:

SIR—The Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, will be happy to have the members of the Convention visit the Institution at such time as may suit their convenience. The hours of school are A. M., from nine to twelve, and P. M., from half-past one to four.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

COLLINS STONE.

A communication was received from Mr. Thayer, of Thayer's Sax-horn Band, accepting the invitation to perform at the public exercises in the evening.

Mr. Kauffman, from the special committee on Constitution and By-Laws, reported the following, which was accepted and adopted:

CONSTITUTION.

1. This body shall be known as the Ohio Editorial Association. Its object shall be the general good of the craft.

2. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, three Vice Presidents, two Secretaries and one Treasurer, who shall each discharge the duties pertaining to those offices; and the Treasurer shall annually report the condition of finances.

3. Any person connected with the Press of the State may become a member of this Association, by signing this Constitution and agreeing to conform to the rules and regulations of the Association.

4. The dues of this Association shall be one dollar per annum; and the members shall be subjected to a tax not exceeding $1.00 each, when the same shall be necessary, to defray incidental expenses.

5. The meetings of this Association shall be held, annually, on the 17th day of January. The business meeting to be called on the day previous.

6. The proceedings of the annual meetings of this Association shall be published uniformly each year, prior to the next annual meeting.

7. There shall be an Orator and a Poet elected at each annual meeting.

8. It shall be a prominent object of this Association to preserve all important matters of history pertaining to the Press, and particularly biographies of leading editors and publishers, who from time to time may die.

9. The editors in the town or city where the annual meetings are to be held, may be constituted, in connection with the officers of the Association, an executive committee for the transaction of necessary business.

10. This Constitution may be amended, after notice of intention at a previous annual meeting, by a vote of a majority of the members.

Mr. Coggeshall moved that the committee on procuring a History of the Press of the State, be discharged. Lost.

Mr. Cox asked to be released from serving on that committee. Not granted.

Judge Thrall moved that Mr. Coggeshall be requested to prepare a memoir of Charles Hammond, to be read at the next annual meeting. Carried.

Mr. Thomson moved that Judge Thrall be requested to prepare a memoir of Moses Dawson. Carried.

Mr. Harris offered the following resolutions, which, after some discussion, were laid on the table:

Resolved, That Western Publishers owe it to themselves, as a matter of self-preservation, to take steps to secure the prosperity of their own business, rather than that of Eastern Publishers.

Resolved, That Eastern Advertising Agencies are a nuisance, and that we will not encourage them.

Mr. Robinson offered a resolution, condemnatory of V. B. Palmer and other Eastern advertising agents, which, after discussion, was withdrawn.

The Association then agreed to take a recess until 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The Convention met at half-past seven o'clock, in Deshler Hall. A large audience, composed of members of the Association and of citizens of Columbus, was present.

The order of exercises was —

Music; by the Sax-horn Band.

Annual Address; by W. T. Bascom, of the *O. S. Journal.*

Poem; by O. J. Victor, of the *Sandusky Register.*

Eulogy on Otway Curry; by S. D. Harris, of the *O. Cultivator.*

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By William T. Bascom.

Influence and Character of the American Press.

Gentlemen of the Editorial Convention:

Permit me to congratulate you upon the auspicious circumstances under which we are assembled. Before me are gathered the representatives of the "*first estate in the realm*," the Press of our great and glorious State of Ohio. It is no mean compliment to be selected to address *such* men, on *such* an occasion. I feel its responsibility, and attempt to meet it with hesitation, and a distrust in my capacity to merit your reasonable expectations.

What is the primary object of these annual gatherings of the Editors of Ohio? Mainly, I take it, to become better acquainted with each other; to consult and arrange, so far as it can consistently be done, questions of business; to encourage and build up an *esprit du corps;* to cultivate kindly feelings; to promote social intercourse and good will, the one with the other; in short, to have a good time generally. Why not? Look around us. A few days since our Democratic friends closed their annual political festival. Other political parties have their times of festivals, and refreshing seasons. The Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Red Men, the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and all the multiplied forms of voluntary benevolent association, have their annual meetings and their festive days. St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. Nicholas, etc., Societies, hold their regular annual assemblages; rehearse the praises of their native lands, and sing the

glorious deeds of their sons, and the virtues and beauty of their daughters. The anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, is celebrated, on its annual return, with a fervor and devotion little short of the worship that is offered up to the Almighty Ruler who tempered the winds to that self-exiled band of Christian soldiers, the glorious pioneers of a glorious race. Trade Unions, Mechanic Associations, etc., know and feel the beneficent influence of social gatherings, and festive celebrations. What class of society is so cognizant of these facts as Editors? Who do so much to promote these annual festivals — who enjoy them more keenly? What, then, more natural than that *they* should follow the example of others, so pregnant of happy results, and establish *their* annual festive day? And what name, in the long list of noble men in our craft, more worthy of annual and perpetual remembrance than that of FRANKLIN, the Printer, Editor, Statesman, and Philosopher? He, by common consent, has become our exemplar; and SAINT FRANKLIN, we maintain against the world, is just as good a name to honor, to toast, to drink by, to swear by, and, if need be, to fight for, as any other Patron Saint in the calendar.

In humble imitation, then, of a custom honored by time, and sanctioned by the judgment of humane, intelligent minds, we are here assembled to-night. THE EDITORS OF OHIO! What a proud title! How high we ought to prize it, and how carefully we ought to guard it from the suspicion of a stain! Are we duly sensible of our true position, and of the vast responsibility which we have assumed? Ohio is the first, and for long years, perhaps for ages, will remain the first of this splendid Galaxy of Western American States. But fifty-three years since it had an existence, it has rapidly outstripped its older, and apparently more favored rivals, and now ranks the third in the States of this Union. Our population is rapidly approaching three millions. We have nearly a *thousand million* of dollars on our tax list. We have Schools and Churches, and all the elements of prosperous and enlightened Christian civilization. From our proud position as the admitted head of the Western States, we exert an influence upon them and their future career, that is beyond computation. We send forth

annually a small army of emigrants, who are sure to carry with them the views, the principles, the virtues and vices of their homes in the Buckeye State.

True, all true, says the listener; but what have the Editors to do with all that? There are not over two hundred of them in Ohio. They are not to have the credit of all the good, and are not to be held responsible for all the evil of the land. We trust not. But it is in vain to deny that, as a class, they exert a wider and deeper influence upon the community than any other body of the same number of men. Our Ministers of the Gospel may object to this proposition, but it is true nevertheless. Everybody reads the newspapers, but everybody does not attend church. The editor of a weekly paper in the county seat talks to a larger congregation, fifty-two times every year, than the most popular clergyman in Ohio. He does not confine his remarks to any one subject. Every thing that interests is his legitimate topic of remark and discussion. The moral tendency of New York "free love," and the best mode of fattening swine, are equally proper in his columns. Politics, morals, public improvements, political and domestic economy, the price of stocks, the best route for a railroad to the Pacific, our system of common schools, the wars of Europe, the probable price of wheat and corn, the weather, the latest railroad accident, the very nice, and very cheap goods just received by our latest advertiser, etc., etc., all find their appropriate place in the weekly paper of every county town in the State. The family without a newspaper is rapidly becoming a curiosity in the land. The influence which this constant intercourse and expression of opinion, upon all these topics, necessarily exerts upon every member of the family, is beyond all computation. It is not till we pause, examine and reflect upon these things, that we are so fully impressed as we should be with the responsibility of our position.

It is not my purpose, in the brief space of time I propose to occupy, to enter into the statistical details of the Press. This work has already been done by another. At the last meeting of this body at Zanesville,

W. T. Coggeshall, Esq., the active and able editor of the *Genius of the West*, read an "Essay upon Newspapers, historical and statistical," which embodies more interesting information on this subject than we have ever before seen collected in the same space. This essay is published in the beautiful volume which Col. Harris, of the *Ohio Cultivator*, has presented to the Editors of Ohio, and to it we refer all who are curious on this subject. There is one want yet to be supplied, and that is, a good compilation of the History of the Press in Ohio. Efforts have been made to meet this requirement, and it is to be hoped that the materials for it may be collected, and, in due time, presented to the public in an acceptable form. I know of no person so well qualified to discharge the duties of editor of such a work as Mr. Coggeshall. If we can, by some means, procure an authentic history of each paper in Ohio, from its commencement to the present time, and have it published in a volume, it would present a picture of our progress, and would be a most interesting and important historical document. It is to be hoped that this organization will be able to furnish the material for the continuation of the history of the Ohio Press, from the present time onward.

The fact is becoming more and more apparent to every intelligent, observing mind, that a *free press* is an indispensable element in a free nation. It is, and has ever been, found impossible to keep a brave people in bondage where the Press has been left untrammeled. A glance at the condition of affairs in Europe is enough to settle this conviction upon the minds of all. Great Britain has comparatively a free press, and no fact is better understood than that her people have more real, practical freedom than the citizens of any other monarchy of Europe. The Government stands quite as much in fear of the thunders of the *London Times*, and the lampoons and satire of the *London Punch*, as it does of all other elements of opposition in the realm. And, if it were not practically a free country, these powerful weapons of the people would not be permitted to exist. No man is more sensible of their influence than the Prime Minister of the Queen; and yet no man more clearly understands, that any effort on the part of the Gov-

ernment to crush them by force would fail, and would end in dragging the Queen from the throne, and in trampling under foot the poor remnant of Royal prerogatives and aristocratic privileges which are yet, by sufferance, permitted to remain with them by the masses of the "third estate," the rich and powerful Commoners of the nation. The history of the progress of the English people for the last three hundred years, is one of the most interesting and instructive in the annals of modern times. Progress has been slow, but it has been sure. It has taken no backward step. The rights of the people have been the objects of jealous care. One by one, Royal prerogatives have been forced from unwilling rulers. These concessions, right in themselves, and demanded by a power it was dangerous to confront, have uniformly been claimed by the common people. The nobility have had the intelligence to discern their true position, and the good sense to make a virtue of necessity, and to yield gracefully what could not be retained. Thus, England has made progress without revolution, bloodshed, and turmoil, such as has been the fate of her neighbors across the Channel. In her dominions a free, untrammeled press is constantly ready to defend rights long since conceded, and to guard with jealous care the welfare of the masses of the Realm.

In France we see a very different state of affairs. Louis Napoleon well understands that a free Press in Paris, and the Provinces, would hurl him from the throne in less than twelve months. He has tried the experiment, and is aware that the freedom of the Press is incompatible with the practical despotism he has established. It is not my province to discuss the question whether the people of France are, or are not, better off than they would be without the strong hand of power, which is now directing and controlling them. It is a question which evidently has two sides, whether the people of France are prepared by education, habits, temperament, and virtue, for a Republican form of Government. It has been their fate to degenerate from comparative freedom to anarchy; and from anarchy to despotism is ever but a single step. The masses of the people, becoming tired of the insecurity of the one, at

last submit quietly to the other, as the least and safest of two evils. The energy of Napoleon gives assurance of safety from anarchy, and his rule is therefore endured till the time shall come when the people of France more clearly comprehend not only their rights, but their duties. Meanwhile, the Press is stifled. No man can speak his sentiments freely in a Parisian newspaper. A little too much of the spirit of liberty, and the writer is notified that he must be more circumspect. Every writer must append his name to every article, that the Government may know where to strike. The second offense is followed by a visit from the police, and the doors of the publication office are closed, and further issues are prohibited. Such is the freedom of the Press in the Empire of France. Such is it in Spain, and Austria, and Russia, and in all the monarchies of the continent.

It is well for us to bear constantly in mind the true line which separates the freedom from the licentiousness of the Press. There is danger to be apprehended on this score. We have a very salutary and conservative rule in this government, which guarantees the freedom of speech and the Press, but which holds the utterer of falsehood responsible to the laws for the abuse of this great privilege. In the heat of partisan strife we are all of us too apt to utter things which our sober judgment, and good sense, in our calmer moments, condemn as unjust. We too often impute improper, mercenary, or corrupt motives, to those who are opposed to us. Let us think of this for a moment. Here we are, face to face, the Editors of Ohio. We have among us men of all parties, and shades of party. Who is prepared, at this time, to rise in his place, and point to a single person who is so mercenary and corrupt as to be unworthy of the confidence of his party friends? Does any man's conscience justify him in even *thinking* that he sees a person of this class in this hall? The truth is, and these social gatherings but make it more and more apparent, we have done gross injustice to each other in years past. We have led too many of our readers to think that all our opponents, and especially their Editors and leaders, are dishonest and corrupt. Do not understand me to affirm that such persons do not exist. I have no such exalted opinion of poor human nature.

But, I do desire to be understood as saying that we have, unintentionally, no doubt, done gross injustice to each other, because we did not know each other as we should.

The best evidence of true progress on the part of the Press of Ohio is, the gradual absence of personalities, and the substitution of the discussion of principles. There is just as wide a field for the display of wit, and smartness, and vigor, in this department as in the grossest contest of personal abuse. We can attack each others' logic with as much spirit and vigor as we see fit, and yet have a personal respect for the man who framed the argument we desire to demolish. Building syllogisms is a pleasant and profitable amusement: tearing them to pieces and holding up their fragments for analysis is equally sharp exercise for the mind. Applying the terms "liar" and "scoundrel" to an opponent is nothing like so agreeable and profitable as it is to convince him that his position is unsound, because one leg of the stool upon which he has placed an argument is a sophism.

The licentiousness of the Press in a perfectly free country, has been an object of remark and censure by European travelers and observers. With nothing practically but public opinion to keep us in check, it becomes of some importance to guard against this evil tendency by all the means that are reasonably within our control. The knowledge of each others' characters, and personal and social relations, will do much by way of restraint. The prevalence of a wholesome public opinion which frowns down the excesses of the Press, often does much good. Let us not forget that *we* do much to form that public judgment, and that it is our solemn duty to lead it in the proper channel.

It affords me much pleasure to say that, in my judgment, the tone of feeling among the Brethren of the Press of Ohio has been much improved within the last few years. There are individual exceptions, but such is its general tendency. The erection of railroads in our State—the frequent occasions when we have been thrown together by the facilities of travel—the influence which the pleasure trips of Editors to Niagara and the Lakes have exerted, and last, but not least, the influence which these annual gatherings of our Brethren of all parties, and

from all sections of the State exert, have all tended to the diminution of personal rancor, and the substitution of forbearance, and a courteous deportment more worthy true gentlemen, in our personal intercourse, and through the columns of our papers. This is substantial progress in the right direction. May it take no backward step, and may it be perpetual.

While this progress has been going on among the conductors of the Press, the influence which newspapers exert upon the public mind has been rapidly increasing. The establishment of a newspaper has come to be regarded as an indispensable addition to all new cities, and communities of people. What now, is a new town without a newspaper? It lacks one of the chief elements of progress. And herein is one of the strange peculiarities of the American people. Wherever they go the Press must be made to accompany them. When Gen. Scott matured his admirable plan for the conquest of Mexico, he did not regard his equipment as complete when he had marshaled his gallant troops on the plains at Vera Cruz. In that glorious train was a *Printing Press*, and it went with him on that long and bloody march, by the National Bridge, and Cerro Gordo, and Jalapa, and Perote, to the magnificent valley where lay enshrined the splendid Capital of the Republic. Thus the Press kept pace with the progress of our army, and shed its light upon the path of the conquerer, even to the Halls of the Montezumas. When before did the world ever witness such a spectacle?

At the close of the Mexican War, the President appointed a commission to survey and mark the boundary line between the United States and that country. This commission started with the design of commencing this survey on the Pacific Coast. On their journey thither, after a time, they found themselves on the Isthmus with no ship at their service, in the port of Panama, and no means of proceeding from that place to the southern boundary of California. This little band of Americans, partly for amusement, and partly from the mere habit of the thing, got up a newspaper, and lo! there issued from that city of the

Isthmus, the "*Panama Star*," to which I well remember was attached the name of a prominent member of our craft in this State, H. H. Robinson, as one of the Editors. How long this brilliant little luminary enlightened the people of that benighted city, I do not remember. It was not, however, a *fixed star*, as it passed on to the California coast as soon as the necessary conveyances could be procured.

The history of the settlement of California affords abundant instances of the passion we as a people have for the establishment of newspapers in new and distant points. In the Territories of Oregon and Washington, this newspaper mania is strongly developed. We receive exchanges from Salem, and Oregon City, and Puget Sound. They are very creditable specimens of typography, and have a very clean, tidy, and business look. They are edited with zeal and ability, and are aiding wonderfully to develop and build up those rising Republics on our Pacific Coast.

We have seen this passion manifested in many instances in our Western Territory. Last year, it was my good fortune to take a trip through portions of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, etc. In company with a friend, one pleasant day in June, I rode down the luxuriant bottom of the Missouri, from Council Bluffs to the new city of St. Marys, distance twelve miles from that emporium of Western Iowa. This city of St. Marys was then about *six months old*, but its growth had been after the most improved speed of real live Western towns. Near the banks of the Missouri, on a broad plateau, above the reach of floods, we found the object of our visit. There were three hotels—one of them was the Astor House—three well filled stores—a post office—a blacksmith shop—a wagonmaker's shop—two brick yards, just commenced—a school house, with one of Gov. Slade's Yankee school teachers therein—a steam saw mill in the edge of the timber land near by—a fine large steam ferry boat—about twenty-five houses, mostly of primitive styles, and built of logs—and last, but not least, a printing office, from which issued a weekly paper called the *St. Marys Gazette*. The Editor was a cultivated, educated gentleman, a graduate of an Eastern

College. True, he contrived to add the very commendable business of preaching to his other professions, but he made a very respectable and readable paper. The proprietor of this new town understood the science of advertising. The very best and cheapest plan he or any other person could devise was, to establish a newspaper at his new city. The advertising and circulation could not support its expenses, but Col. PETER SARPY, the proprietor of St. Marys, and an old and intelligent Indian trader of thirty years standing, could afford, and did sustain it. Every body in Iowa, and many persons out of it, soon knew there was such a city as St. Marys, the rival, at least in the *Gazette*, of Council Bluffs — the terminus of all the railroads that are reaching toward the mouth of the Platte river — indeed THE FUTURE CITY of Western Iowa.

Indulge me in another reminiscence. Opposite Council Bluffs, in the flourishing and important Territory of Nebraska, is the famous city of Omaha. When I was there in June, 1854, this now busy city was one bright unbroken prairie. Not even a log shanty had been erected. All that Territory, for many miles, was the property, and in the possession of the Omaha Indians. But, the keen eyes of the speculators had been busy, and the location of a future city had been agreed upon. The site is one of great natural beauty. I rode over it one bright June day, with one of its proprietors, and shall not soon forget the wondrous magnificence and beauty of the view up and down the vast Missouri Valley, from the Capitol Hill. I returned to Ohio, and, before two months had elapsed, I received a newspaper called the *Arrow*, and issued from that *very* new city of Omaha! In that case the Press went even in advance of the carpenters. The type cases were set up against an oak tree, and the *first paper in the Territory* was worked off beneath its broad and grateful shelter. I remember the dream, which was not all a dream, of the Editor, as he took his first night's repose by the side of his "office." The bright stars were visible through the covering above him, and off upon the prairies, and away in the distance, on the Iowa shore, twinkled dim lights, that spoke the

presence of human beings, and heralded that advancing tide of population and civilization which has changed that beauteous land from the haunt of wandering, lazy and depraved Indians, into the homes of active, industrious, and intelligent American citizens. All this was wonderful to the dreaming Editor, yet the most wonderful of all was *his* position. Now, the capital of an organized and rapidly increasing Territory is located on the spot where the *Omaha Arrow* then first issued. All the elements of a prosperous and enlightened civilization are there in abundance. Truly, and emphatically may we exclaim, in view of all these things, What a country, and what a people!

Gentlemen of the Editorial Convention: The present is a most brilliant and important era in the history of the nineteenth century. Our railroads, our telegraphs, our steam engines, are rapidly revolutionizing the world. Material progress, such as man never before saw, is the great distinctive feature of our time. THE PRESS looms up, the grand SOUL of this magnificent development. The best intellects of the age find the Press the fit medium through which to communicate their mature thoughts to the people. Both in this country and in Europe, the leading thinkers and actors in the drama of life, have found the Press the Lever which moves the world. Standing as its guardians and representatives in Ohio, it is *our duty* to see that no harm shall befall it in our day and generation. Let us aim to keep it pure, and healthy, and vigorous. Let the great cardinal principles of freedom, justice, and equality, ever be and remain the basis of all we do and say. Let kindness, truth, and brotherly love, be our polar star. Let us so act the parts assigned us as to meet the approbation of a severe self judgment; and when at the future anniversaries of this Association we shall stand in each others' presence, and grasp each others' hands, we may look our Brother in the face, and feel that *we*, at least, have done our duty to our craft, our country, and our God.

POEM.

By Orbille J. Victor.

The West.

INVOCATION.

Land of the mighty West!
Immortal trust for Poet's theme!
Exhaustless Hope of Heaven's behest,
Embodiment of th' enthusiast's dream.
Upon thy prairies wide
The gods have held no revels base,
Nor satyrs peered with mocking face
From out thy forests deep;
Thy mountains stand in unstained pride,
Thy tameless rivers sweep
From vale to vale, and on their smiling shores
Bloom Beauty's golden stores.

The East, once all renown,
Is but a memory grand and sweet,
Standing in desolate loveliness discrowned,
With ruins at her feet.
Let all pale Dreamers seek her sad repose,
Musing upon the ambrosia and the rose
That, erst, o'er brimmed her cup —
Gathering her ancient glory up
In fragments: — In the Worker's manly breast
There glows no fire divine save for the Virgin West!

She wills no guardian Ghosts
To haunt the wild beauty of her land;
Her fair shrine boasts
No perished splendor; and her lavish hand
Is over-full of bloom, and drops its flowers
Profuse as April its voluptuous showers.
No soul may say what mystery calls
In th' deep voice of her thundering waterfalls —
No organ's note may bind
The diapason of her waves and wind —
Nor courtly choir attune the melody
Her rivers, forests, plains, send to the sea.
Maturing 'neath the gracious sky,
Her teeming fields declare the "Promised Land,"
Held in reserve by God's providing hand,
Through centuries of tyranny —
A place of refuge from the Old World's strife,
Where Manhood should attain its noblest life.

Tradition's silver chords
Bind not her powers sublime;
She lives, unwearied by the mighty race
The World hath run with time.
No worshiper of Truth can hope
For shrine of fairer state,
Nor Earth a grander majesty,
Nor Fame a prouder fate.
Wild as the ocean waves,
Her spirit wears no curbing chain;
And not for Lords or Slaves
Is her magnificent domain.
Freedom as pure as light above,
In all her pulses lives;
And Man, crowned graciously with Love,
Her princely seal receives.

Brothers of the monarch Pen!
Ministers of Thought!

Attendants on our queenly West,
Whose bounty you have sought!
Let all your themes
Take largess of her lands,
Until accomplishment comes out of dreams,
And Humanity stands
In Freedom's light redeemed, life-given,
Worthy th' exultant earth, and waiting Heaven!

EULOGY.

By Sullivan D. Harris.

Otway Curry.

When the warrior dies, the brazen trumpet is clothed in weeds, the drums are muffled, and, with measured step, we go to the grave in the guise of such solemn pageantry,—looking downward to the sod that is to receive all that is left of the representative of violence and of power.

His work is done, whether for deliverance or for oppression. The shout of victory, or the wail of discomfiture, shall never again sound upon his ear, as a blessing or as a curse. He may have been a good man, whose arm brought deliverance to those who were ready to perish, and in whose path defenseless but outraged innocence rose up and called him blessed. He may have been a bad man, whose law was written in blood upon his sword's hilt, and that law the embodiment of wrong and oppression, of which he was himself a terrible exponent.

We leave him to the lullaby of such a requiem. If it is music in his ears, we thank God that ours are attuned to no such minstrelsy.

When the statesman dies, the nation feels a shock in all its framework, and looks wistfully and doubtingly to see if there be yet standing, safe and sound, enough of the pillars of state to support the fabric, which would else totter and fall. And when others, of willing heart and strong hand, step into the place of the fallen shaft, and restore the symmetry and security of the collonade, we breathe free again, and rejoice that, in the State as well as in the Church, there is an apostolic

succession of those who have received the baptism of authority, from the same power which could ordain a Priest from among a band of fishermen, or a King from among those who were following their flocks. The signet of God's true nobility of earth is in the HEART, and all who grasp the sceptre of power without this holy ordination, are imposters and usurpers, from whose unsanctified hands the might of a *higher law* should wrest the insignia of authority, and strip from them the semblance of power.

But when the POET dies—the poet who is a good and true man—whose lips have been touched with the coals from God's own altar, and whose soul has been attuned to all the mysterious symphonies of the Inner Life—who, moving amid the bustle and jargon of the world, was yet not of the world—who, himself a man, was more than a man—but, though more than a man, was still less than a god—and often, in his humanity, less than even a meaner man;—I say, when the Poet dies, we are moved to no show of solemn pageantry. The meek spirit of the departed seems to hover over the scene, and forbid such an unseemly demonstration of real or feigned grief. We feel no sensation of terror, but the breath is hushed, as, from the holiest chambers of the soul comes the chastened lamentation—Alas, my brother! my brother! and this word tells more of the shredding of those ties which enwrap the soul, and make us one with him, and hold us with a power stronger than hooks of steel—than all the costly show of mourning which waits on the sepulture of the mighty ones of earth.

And thus we come to the Poet's grave; scarcely looking upon the sod which is to lie upon his mortal bosom, but with uplifted eyes, as if we saw a prophet of the Most High God translated from earth to heaven!

Do not accuse me of extravagance in this humble picture, as though I would claim for the Poet an importance that does not belong to him; as though I would exalt that which other men despise, and, of a very small piece of common clay, would make a god. I have no such intent; and as an exemplification and justification of this picture, go with me to the lowly grave of OTWAY CURRY.

The winds of this wintry night sing his requiem in the leafless oaks above his bed, and the moon holds her pale torch, reflected from the snow-wreaths which garnish his sepulchre, an unbought minstrelsy and vigil well befitting one so gentle as he was.

And yet the inanimate winds, and the cold moon-beams, are not the only minstrels and vigils that hover about his grave. The warm, quick pulses that leap from your hearts at the mention of his name, attest that his memory is not alone in the keeping of those senseless clods which enshrine his ashes. And these thousands of beating hearts are not his tomb, but the sanctuary of his spirit and the witness of his virtue.

In this brief memorial, I do not feel called upon to give a full biography of our deceased friend; and even if I did, the task would be impossible.

No living man can ever write a biography of Otway Curry. They may tell when he was born,— may detail the incidents of his youth, and the labors of manhood,— may reproduce what he has given to the world in the language of men,— may speak of his talents, his affections, his virtues; but they can never give a transcript of that life which he lived within himself, and which was to him the excellence of existence. Few, indeed, of all his associates possessed that finer chemistry of the soul, which brought them into harmonious contact with this inner life, to which his better self had retired. As a consequence of this, few understood him, even of those who were most constantly in his presence; and as a further consequence, he was sometimes accounted distant and unsocial.

For the main facts and dates which I give in this brief memoir, I am indebted to a sketch by Wm. D. Gallagher, who was some time associated with Mr. Curry in a literary enterprise, and as an intimate personal friend; and also from a later sketch by Mr. Coggeshall, in his magazine — the "Genius of the West."

Otway Curry was a son of James Curry, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, who resided in Union County, Ohio, from the year 1811 to 1834, the period of his death. At the time of the birth of the poet,

the family were residing on what is now the site of the village of Greenfield, in the county of Highland.

Otway Curry was born on the 26th of March, 1804, and during his earlier years had but limited advantages for education. Evincing a great love for books, his father, who was a farmer, proposed for him the study of law; but this did not then meet the approbation of the son, who seemed to prefer a more extensive acquaintance with the world before he settled down for life. Accordingly he left the homestead in pursuit of adventure, and having made his way to Chillicothe, found it necessary that he should enter upon some business for his support. He chose the trade of a carpenter, at which he wrought until somewhat proficient, when he traveled to Cincinnati, where he could obtain better wages, and at the same time enjoy better facilities for literary indulgence.

In the summer of 1827, a number of his poetical contributions to the Press attracted the attention of Mr. Gallagher, then an appreciative lad, who sought out the author, whom he found at work with a company of carpenters. I will introduce one of these earlier poems, to show the delicacy and bent of the Poet's muse, while in this muscle-taxing labor of carpentry:

THE MINSTREL'S HOME.

The image of a happier home,
  Whence far my feet have strayed,
Still flits around me, as I roam,
  Like Joy's departed shade;
Though childhood's light of joy has set,
Its home is dear to memory yet!

Here—where the lapse of time has swept
  The forest's waving pride,
And many a summer's light hath slept
  Upon the green hill's side,
I'll rest, while twilight's pinions spread
Their shadows o'er my grassy bed.

Yon stars—enthroned so high—so bright,
  Like gems on heaven's fair brow,
Through all the majesty of night
  Are smiling on me now:
The promptings of poetic dreams
Are floating on their pale, pure beams.

The muses of the starry spheres
  High o'er me wend along,
With visions of my infant years
  Blending their choral song—
Strewing with fancy's choicest flowers,
The pathway of the tranced hours.

They sing of constellations high,
  The weary minstrel's home;
Of days of sorrow hastening by,
  And bright ones yet to come—
Far in the sky, like ocean isles,
Where sunny light forever smiles.

They sing of happy circles, bright,
  Where bards of old have gone;
Where rounding ages of delight,
  Undimmed, are shining on,—
And now, in silence, sleeps again
The breathing of their mystic strain.

Leave me — O! leave me not alone,
While I am sleeping here;
Still let that soft and silvery tone
Sound in my dreaming ear:
I would not lose that strain divine,
To call earth's thousand kingdoms mine!

It is the sunbeam of the mind;
Whose bliss can ne'er be won,
Till the reviving soul shall find
Life's long, dark journey done,—
Then peerless splendor shall array
The morning of that sinless day.

Soon after the discovery of the author of this poem, Mr. Gallagher says:

"A friendship was formed between the young poet and the writer hereof, which ripened into a close intimacy. The peculiar characteristics of Mr. Curry, since freely developed, were at that time distinctly limned. He cultivated music with literature, and performed well upon the flute. The strains of his instrument were pensive, and touchingly sweet, as were those of his pen. Both lacked vigor of expression, however, and were at times dreamy in the extreme. His flute drew its airs from a feudal and castled age, when melancholy minstrels wooed romantic maidens by stealth, and chivalrous knights dared death and dishonor for the favors of high-born dames. His *pen* had found a feast, also, in his imaginative soul, and from that drew pensive strains, which melted his own heart to tears, and touched the hearts of others. But the music of the battle-field, or that of the stage, or of the fashionable saloons, his flute rarely or never 'discoursed;' so of the conflict of Opinion, the struggles of the Muses, the aspirations of the Soul for a higher and nobler freedom here upon earth — the clamor, and clash, and up-heaving, and down-throwing. that are of the elements of PROGRESS — his pen took no note.

"Mr. Curry's voice, and manner of reading, gave to his poems a peculiar charm. And when this was heightened, as it often was at that period, by the quiet of night, the rustling of leaves, the fitful echoes of far-off sounds, the witchery of murmuring winds and waters, and other accompaniments of a moonlight ramble, prolonged into the morning hours, the fascination was irresistible. On one of these occasions, as we sat overlooking the beautiful expanse of the Ohio — the midnight moon and the autumnal haze enveloping the whole scene in robes of softened radiance and peculiar dreaminess, the whole of some Provençal romance was recited, with a power whose weird influence rests upon my memory yet.

"On another occasion of the kind, after the evident sympathy and more intimate acquaintance had begotten confidence,—with the fragrance of spring flowers around us, and gentle night-breezes fanning our brows, and the calm stars looking down upon us and silence,—the young poet drew aside the outer curtains of his Love's past, and through the gauze-hangings of an indistinct utterance, made a revelation of early love and bereavement, which was never alluded to afterwards.

"At this time many journeymen carpenters were in the habit of going down the Mississippi River to work during the winter season, returning at the approach of warm weather in the spring. Many of them, however, instead of coming back, would go into the pine regions of the South and South-West, where the summer health is good, and form such connections, in business or otherwise, as would induce them to settle.

"Mr. Curry made an excursion of this kind, and was absent several years, working at his trade, principally in Mississippi. During this sojourn in the South-West, his literary studies were not relaxed; but instead thereof, he wrote and sent to his friends in Ohio a number of meritorious productions, in both prose and verse."

After Mr. Curry came back to Ohio, he returned to his paternal home in Union County, and laid aside his mechanical business and betook himself to farming, and was married to Mary Nateman in December, 1828.

"Mr. Curry's leisure time, at this period, was employed in writing 'The Maniac Minstrel,' a Tale of Palestine: a poem of some fifteen hundred lines, only a few extracts from which have been published.

"While thus working on his farm, Mr. Curry was three times elected to the lower house of the Ohio Legislature; in which body, having no ambition to be a *floor* member, and desiring only to serve his constituents and the State, he made himself useful and influential. Having closed his legislative career, by stepping aside to make room for others with more ambition than himself for that species of distinction, he was for six months, in 1838, one of the editors of the *Hesperian*, a monthly magazine of the larger and more substantial kind. After this, he was for a year or so the editor of the *Torchlight*, a political paper published at Xenia, Greene County. During the years of his service in the Legislature, and his employment in editorship, Mr. Curry studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He soon became a lawyer in good standing and successful practice—wearing gracefully, with the laurel of his profession, the crown of Poesy.

"Simple in his habits, unambitious of display of any kind, he made no attempt to shine at the bar. While in the Legislature, his desire was to do the work for which his constituents had chosen him, in the most honest and direct manner; at the bar a like desire animated him, and led him to transact, in the same honest and direct way, the business for which his clients employed him.

"In 1850, Mr. Curry was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio, and the debates of that body show him to have been a faithful and intelligent representative of his political faith."

Soon after the adjournment of the Convention, Mr. Curry purchased the interest of Mr. Ely in the old *Scioto Gazette*, and removed with his family from Marysville to Chillicothe. He conducted the Gazette for nearly two years, when he sold it into younger and more ardent hands, and returned to the practice of law at his old home in Marysville.

In the winter of 1854, on the call for the first meeting of Ohio Editors at Cincinnati to form this Association, Mr. Curry was in at-

tendance, and was chosen President. In that capacity he has left his mark, as recorded in the first volume of the Transactions of the Ohio Editorial Association. And this may be looked upon as a last legacy to the Press, which his life and pen had done so much to ennoble and elevate, and which has in turn embalmed his history and labors for the coming ages, to be loved and cherished while gentle virtue and modest genius shall have admirers among mankind.

At our last meeting in Zanesville, Mr. Curry had become so much enfeebled by insidious disease upon a constitution never robust, that he was unable to be in attendance; and in less than one month from that time, namely, on the 15th of February, 1855, he closed his mortal career, in the full fruition of a steadfast religious faith.

Thus fell one of Ohio's own noblest bards, after a life of half a century, spent mostly on his native soil. It is not necessary that my poor pen should praise him; he has left a nobler memorial, which shall live after him, when you and I shall have followed him to that last mortal resting place, and, we trust, up through those shining portals which only separate us from the Eternal Presence.

Allow me to conclude this sketch by reading one of Mr. Curry's most characteristic poems, which remained in manuscript until after the author's death, in the hands of a glorious sister of song,* who has since given it to the world, bedewed with the holy tears of friendship:

TO MIRIAM.

I met thee when the starry land of song
Before me in the enchanted distance shone,
When days were golden, summers light and long,
And my glad spirit in its dream had grown
Familiar with each old memorial tone
Sung by the harpers of a world unseen,
Who walk no more in mortal twilight lone,
But stand immortal in a clime serene,
With garlands on their heads, all beautiful and green.

It was a meeting deemed of hope or joy —
It was a meeting fraught with anguish sore —

* Mrs. E. S. Nichols.

It was a meeting fated to destroy
My spirit's sunniest dream forevermore.
I grieve not now that time will soon be o'er —
That earthly life flies like an evening breath,
The better days I shall not long deplore ;
A rest is for the weary found beneath
The starless night that lies along the waves of death.

I see thee in the still and lonely night —
I greet thee in my wild and feverish dreams —
I bear thee to a region calm and bright,
Where the sweet music of the murmuring streams,
That shimmering, wind away through golden beams,
And caroling voices prelude round us pour
Of joy, that in the infinite future gleams,
When I shall meet thee on a happier shore,
And sound of parting words be heard and feared no more.

SECOND DAY.

FRIDAY, Jan. 18th, 1856.

THE Association met pursuant to an adjournment. President Medary being absent, Vice President Teesdale called the meeting to order.

A report of the committee on Finance was called for. The report not being prepared, the question as to the place of the next annual meeting was started. Mansfield, Columbus, Lancaster and Chillicothe, were proposed by members. Thereupon considerable discussion arose as to the accessibility and other merits of the cities named. It was finally determined to meet at Mansfield.

On motion, it was agreed to proceed to the election of an Orator and of a Poet for the next annual meeting.

Metta V. Fuller, of Lancaster, was chosen Poet, and H. L. Hosmer, ex-Editor of the Toledo *Blade*, was chosen Orator.

Mr. Kauffman moved that the nominations be confirmed unanimously; and that in case either or both of the persons elected should decline, the Executive Committee be authorized to fill the vacancy. Carried.

On motion, a committee consisting of Messrs. Teesdale, Coggeshall and Muse, was appointed to report officers for the ensuing year.

The committee reported the following names:

President—SAMUEL MEDARY.

Vice Presidents—1st, WM. SCHOULER; 2d, J. TEESDALE; 3d, D. B. LINN.

Secretaries — J. H. Baker, H. D. Cooke.

Treasurer — S. D. Harris.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee on Publication — McBratney, Baker and Harris.

On motion, the following Editors were appointed a Business Committee:

McBratney, of the Xenia Torchlight; Richardson, of the Cincinnati Columbian; Victor, of the Sandusky Register; Bond, of the Clermont Courier; Hills, of Columbus.

On motion, it was resolved that the memoirs of Hammond and Dawson, ordered for next year, form a part of the evening exercises.

The thanks of the Convention were tendered to the Columbus Atheneum, for the free use of their Reading Room.

A vote of thanks was returned to the officers of the Convention.

On motion, it was agreed that the Convention adjourn to meet at Mansfield, on the Thursday previous to the 17th of January, 1857.

S. MEDARY, *President.*

J. H. Baker, *Secretary.*

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

FOURTH OHIO EDITORIAL CONVENTION,

Held at Mansfield, January 15th and 16th, 1857.

THE Convention met at 3 o'clock P. M., in Sturges & Bigelow's New Hall. Editors representing the Press from all parts of the State were present.

The Convention was called to order by WM. SCHOULER, of the *Ohio State Journal*, first Vice President; and the proceedings of the last Convention were read by HENRY D. COOKE, of the *Sandusky Register*, Secretary.

While the proceedings were being read, SAMUEL MEDARY, of the *Ohio Statesman*, the President of the Association, arrived and took the Chair.

He stated that the first business in order was, for the editors present to register their names and settle their annual dues, the Constitution requiring one dollar per annum from each member.

The following names were then registered upon the books of the Secretary:

JNO. D. CALDWELL.....Cincinnati Gazette.
JNO. SAXTON.....Ohio Repository, Canton.
WM. SCHOULER.....Ohio State Journal.

Geo. A. Benedict.....Cleveland Herald.
A. P. Russell.....Clinton Republican.
R. Brinkerhoff.....Mansfield Herald.
M. Day Jr. ..... " "
N. H. Van Vorhes .....Messenger, Athens.
W. W. Armstrong .....Seneca Advertiser, Tiffin.
L. Harper .....Mt. Vernon Banner.
S. Medary .....Ohio Statesman.
James A. Estile .....Stark County Democrat.
A. McGregor..... " "
Jno. Y. Glessner .....Shield and Banner, Mansfield.
W. T. Coggeshall.....Columbus.
J. Glessner ....Zanesville Times.
P. N. Alexander .....Van Wert.
R. C. Wilson.....Buckeye State, New Lisbon.
O. J. Victor.....Sandusky.
S. McBratney .....Marysville Tribune.
C. N. Allen .....Cadiz Sentinel.
J. R. Morris .....Spirit of Democracy, Woodfield.
S. D. Harris.....Ohio Cultivator.
Josiah Riley .....Toledo Commercial.
L. A. Hine .....People's Paper, Cincinnati.
W. D. Morgan .....Newark Advocate.
S. H. Kauffman .....Zanesville Courier.
H. D. Cooke .....Sandusky Register.
H. L. Hosmer .....Toledo.
Joshua Saxton.....Urbana.
J. H. Putnam .....Galion Democrat.
C. U. Bushnell.....Ashland Union.
Dan. McFarland .....Portsmouth Tribune.
W. H. Gill .....New Lisbon Patriot.
H. S. M'Kee ....Findlay Home Companion.
E. H. Hearn ....Cadiz Sentinel.
H. S. Knapp .....Van Wert.
E. Marchand .....Wayne County Democrat.
James Adair .....Morgan Herald, McConnelsville.

On motion of W. T. Coggeshall, the President was called upon to state what regular committees would be required to carry out the purposes of the Convention.

Mr. Medary said it had been suggested that five committees would be needed: — On Business; on Officers for the next Convention; on Ways and Means, for publishing in permanent form the proceedings of the Association; on the Popular Exercises for the next meeting; and to report what members of the Association had died within the past year, and what had removed from the State.

Lecky Harper, of the *Mt. Vernon Banner*, moved that the President appoint the committees.

Mr. Medary said he would prefer that the Convention should appoint; but Mr. Harper's motion was seconded and carried.

The President announced the following committees:

ON BUSINESS:

O. J. Victor,
J. Y. Glessner,
W. W. Armstrong,
Wm. Schouler,
C. N. Allen.

ON OFFICERS:

A. P. Russell,
R. C. Wilson,
A. McGregor,
G. A. Benedict.

ON WAYS AND MEANS:

S. McBratney,
P. N. Alexander,
J. Y. Glessner,
J. H. Putnam,
Josiah Riley.

ON ORATOR AND POET:

J. D. Caldwell,
W. T. Coggeshall,
R. Brinkerhoff,
L. Harper,
S. D. Harris.

ON DEAD AND REMOVED:

J. A. Estile,
L. A. Hine,
S. H. Kauffman,
N. H. Van Vorhes,
W. D. Morgan.

On motion of Mr. Schouler, it was determined that the Oration of Mr. Hosmer, on the Press; the Poem by Mrs. Victor, and the Discourse on Charles Hammond, by Mr. Coggeshall, be delivered on Friday evening; the exercises to commence at 7 o'clock, in Sturges & Bigelow's New Hall.

On motion, the Convention then adjourned to meet at nine o'clock the next morning. The editors, on leaving the Hall, were invited to enter sleighs, then in waiting, and, to the music of sleigh-bells, were shown how Mansfield and environs look in their winter dress.

SECOND DAY.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment, WILLIAM SCHOULER in the Chair. Minutes of yesterday's proceedings read and approved.

Mr. McBratney, from the committee on Printing, reported the following, which, after considerable debate from Messrs. Victor, Benedict, Schouler and others, were adopted:

Resolved, That the proceedings of this Convention, together with the proceedings of the meeting of the Association held at Columbus, on the 17th day of January, 1856, be published in a style uniform with that of the first volume.

Resolved further, That to carry out the spirit of the above resolution, the members present be required to subscribe one dollar in addition to the amounts already subscribed by them, for the purpose of defraying expenses of said publication.

Resolved, That W. T. Coggeshall, S. Medary and W. Schouler be appointed a committee on Publication.

Mr. Victor, from the committee on Business, reported the following

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the late exciting political campaign has demonstrated the propriety of adherence to former resolves, regarding the avoidance of personalities.

Resolved, That we still regard the "cash" system as the best, alike for the interests of the community and for the publishers, and we recommend that it be adhered to, as far as practicable, with a view to its ultimate adoption.

Resolved, That for the purpose of making and preserving an exhibit of the Press of Ohio for the year 1857, each editor be requested to forward to the State Librarian, at or near the 22d of February, one number of his daily and weekly, or other periodical journal, embracing therein the statistics of his locality, and that the Librarian be requested to bind and preserve the same in the archives of the State.

Resolved, That MS. copies of all orations, poems, papers, etc., delivered before the Association, be left with the Treasurer, for preservation and reference, and such use as the Association shall decree.

Resolved, That the irregular usages in regard to apprentice service demand correction; and we therefore recommend to the members of this Association the adoption of rules and regulations for apprentices, specifying the time and terms of service, and also the attainments necessary to warrant a proper discharge and a certificate of journeymanship.

These resolutions were considered *seriatim*, and excited animated debate. The second resolution was debated at length. Mr. Hine offered a substitute, which was rejected. Messrs. Cooke, Benedict, McKee, Harper, Victor and Morgan took part in the debate. The resolution was finally passed unanimously.

The fifth resolution was amended so far, as to appoint Messrs. Victor and Saxton a committee to propose rules and regulations for uniformity in the apprentice system.

The resolution was debated at length, and was passed, as amended, unanimously.

Mr. Russell, from the committee on Officers for the ensuing year, reported as follows:

President — WM. SCHOULER, of Columbus.

Vice Presidents — JOSIAH RILEY, of Toledo; N. H. VAN VORHES, of Athens; L. HARPER, of Mt. Vernon.

Secretaries — S. H. KAUFFMAN, of Zanesville; W. H. GILL, of New Lisbon.

Treasurer — S. D. HARRIS, of Columbus.

The committee on Orator and Poet for the next annual Convention, reported as follows:

For Orator — G. A. BENEDICT, of Cleveland.
For Poet — S. D. HARRIS, of Columbus.

Mr. Benedict positively refused to make a speech in his own bailiwick. He hoped to have the Association's next meeting at Cleveland, and should labor for it, and therefore would decline.

The matter was finally laid on the table, to abide the decision of the Convention upon the place of the next meeting.

It was stated that a majority of the committee on Orator and Poet, had reported the name of S. D. Harris for Poet, in spite of his protest. The Convention unanimously elected him; when he said he would not shrink responsibility, but was confident a very bad selection had been made.

John D. Caldwell offered the following:

Resolved, That as the principles of punctuation must be fully learned, before a clear understanding can be conveyed by writing or printing, the conductors of schools be recommended to include, in their

courses of study, systematic provision for instruction in *punctuation*, and in fitting scholars for preparing intelligible manuscripts for publication.

After remarks upon the necessity of correct punctuation by Schouler, Victor, Morgan, Caldwell, Coggeshall and others, the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Caldwell submitted an invitation from the Superintendent of Public Schools to visit the schools, which was accepted.

The Convention took a recess until half-past 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Wm. Schouler in the Chair, Mr. Medary being too unwell to attend.

Mr. Benedict moved that the next session be held at Cleveland. This elicited warm discussion. The Convention was unwilling to release Mr. B. from his nomination as Orator; and he had said that, if the Convention was held at his town, he *would not* make a speech. The vote being finally taken, it was resolved to meet at Cleveland, on Tuesday succeeding the 17th of January, 1858.

The committee on Deaths, Removals, etc., reported by calling upon each member to tell his "experience." The information elicited was very interesting and useful, and we regret that it was not reported.

The report of the committee on Orator and Poet, was then taken up.

Mr. Caldwell, Chairman of the committee on Orator and Poet, at Mr. Benedict's request, withdrew his name

as nominee for Orator, and named HENRY D. COOKE, of the *Sandusky Register*, as the choice of the committee.

The report, as amended, was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Morgan, of Newark, remarked upon the late Moses Dawson, and thought a memoir was due him.

At Mr. Caldwell's motion, further time was given to Judge Thrall to prepare the memoir of Mr. Dawson.

On motion of Mr. Harper, Mr. Morgan was invited to prepare a memoir of the late Judge Wilson, of Steubenville. Mr. Morgan refused to serve. Mr. Harper was, in his opinion, much the best person for it. Mr. Harper was chosen to prepare the memorial of Judge Wilson, to be read at the next annual Convention.

Mr. Saxton, from the committee on preparing a History of the Press of Ohio, appointed at the last Convention, reported that, from utter want of material for the history, it could not be prepared, and he thereupon urged that the committee be discharged. The committee was discharged; and then, on motion of Mr. Saxton, W. T. Coggeshall was chosen to prepare an address upon the origin and growth of the Newspaper Press in Ohio, to be read at the next annual meeting.

The following, reported by the Business Committee, was adopted:

Resolved, That the practice, now becoming too common, of the city press soliciting work in neighboring cities, at rates ruinously low, is not only injurious to the craft, but detrimental to the country press, and should be discountenanced.

The committee on Dead and Removed, made the following

REPORT ON DEATHS AND REMOVALS.

Your committee have to report that, during the last year, the following editors have died:

Collard Martin, Cincinnati;
Edward Smith, Mansfield;
John C. Gilkison, Mansfield;
Francis Dexter, Piketon Journal;
M. P. Brister, Newark Times;
—— Johnson, Wayne Co. Democrat;
D. J. Gruber, Lancaster Eagle.

Journals established:

Cincinnati Mirror, Cincinnati;
Galion Democrat, Galion;
National Appeal, Athens;
Democratic Messenger, Fremont;
North American, Newark;
Beacon, Huron;
Constitution, Van Wert;
Alliance Times, Alliance.

Journals discontinued:

Ohio Columbian, merged with O. S. Journal;
Daily Clevelander, Cleveland;
Galion Times, Galion;
Watchman, Crestline;
True Whig, Mt. Vernon;
Genius of the West, Cincinnati;
Aurora, New Lisbon;
Herald, Newark;
Columbian (Daily and Weekly), Cincinnati;
Alliance Ledger, Alliance;
Monroe Journal, Woodsfield;
Medical Counselor, Columbus;
Locomotive, Lexington;
Times, Bellair;
Advertiser, Chillicothe.

Editors who have left the State:

J. Teesdale, of Akron, removed to Iowa City;
A. J. Van Vorhes, of Athens county, removed to Minnesota Territory;
Thomas Withrow, of Mt. Vernon, removed to Wisconsin;
E. J. Ellis, of Newark, removed to Indiana.

Editors who have retired from the tripod:

J. R. Williams, of the Toledo Blade;
O. Follett, Columbus;
R. W. P. Muse, Zanesville.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. A. ESTILL, *Chairman of Committee.*

Henry D. Cooke expressed a wish to the Convention, that the members should visit Sandusky City during the summer and take an excursion upon Lake Erie.

On motion of Mr. Saxton, of Urbana, the Convention resolved to hold an informal meeting at Sandusky, some time during the coming summer, for the purpose of accepting the invitation of Mr. Cooke.

A committee, consisting of H. D. Cooke, Wm. Schouler, G. A. Benedict and Josiah Riley, was appointed to determine upon and give notice of the time of such meeting.

A resolution was unanimously adopted, returning the thanks of the Convention to Messrs. Sturges & Bigelow for the free use of their elegant and commodious Hall.

It was determined that, as the 17th of January occurred on Sunday in 1838, the Convention would meet on Tuesday, January 20th.

The Convention then took a recess till half-past six o'clock.

EVENING EXERCISES.

Before the hour for the assembling of the Convention, the large Hall was crowded in every part by the ladies and gentlemen of Mansfield.

Vice President Schouler announced the order of exercises as follows:

Oration, by Hezekiah L. Hosmer.

Poem, by Metta Victoria Victor; to be read by S. D. Harris.

Memoir of Charles Hammond, by W. T. Coggeshall.

ORATION.

By W. L. Weamer.

American Editorial Life.

Members of the Ohio Editorial Association:

Some acknowledgment for the honor conferred upon me, as the Orator of this occasion, is due to you besides the mere performance of its duties. The first intimation of my appointment was obtained from a newspaper, a few days after the adjournment. My first thought, considering how reliable all information derived from newspapers generally is, was, that it must be a mistake; my next, that some mad wag of an editor had made the announcement for a joke; but the intelligence was so often repeated, and came to me in so many forms, that I finally began to realize that I was, indeed, the individual intended to be designated as the speaker for this occasion. Well, Brother Editors — for so I must be permitted to call you — though no longer one of your number, what do you expect from me? What have I done, that you should call me from my uncongenial pursuits back to a contemplation of the delightful avocation I have forsaken? Was it not enough, that a necessity, over which I had no control, compelled me to exchange the life of an editor for that of a peddler of legal quips and quiddities, without being reminded of the great disparities of the exchange, by your appointment? Did you inflict upon me a punishment so cruel because of my dereliction, or was it that I might, through the means thus afforded, revive, to an

unconquerable degree, the love I had sought to stifle, and return, humble and penitent, to my old and darling occupation? Whatever your motive, of course you have my thanks for the honor; and, as to the task you have assigned me, I address myself to it, not without diffidence, but yet with the hope that I may not fail, altogether, to propitiate the kindness that obtained your favor.

In a field so broad as that spread out before me, where shall I begin? Editorial life, more prolific of change than any other; mingling, as it does, with the passions and sympathies of the age; entering into its spirit, leading its pursuits, exploring new avenues for its enterprise; Columbus-like, discovering new worlds for its settlement; harmonizing only with the elements which daily and hourly enter into its composition; finding its affinities among such developments as are in advance of the rest of the world; now spending a day amid the political dogmas of its opponents; now contemplating the possible elimination of a principle which may overturn Government,—Editorial Life, such as it is here in our own free America, untrammeled by prejudice, unawed by opinion, undirected by any established censorship; such editorial life, with all its varieties, its tergiversations, its joys and its sorrows, it is next to impossible to bring within the scope of contemplation, in any such brief period as you would be willing to listen to me. As I look around me, upon all the varieties of thought and action which are daily affected by the Press; as I consider what may possibly form the great staple of news with my brethren for a single day, and see it in all its immense and multitudinous parts, passing through and through society, from the business classes to the abodes of retired citizens, and thence penetrating the rural districts, may I not—must I not—feel appalled, in presence of any effort adequately to convey in words a just and comprehensive idea of American Editorial Life. Reflect upon the mighty mass of matter daily sent forth from the American Press, with reference to the information it imparts, the principles it discusses, the truth and error it contains, the various interests in society it

affects, and the amount of satisfaction and amusement it affords. What an engine is the Press! what an avocation that of the Editor! Look once more upon that broad range of subjects, which, outside of the editorial columns, but within the province of the scissors, embraces the doings of the world, at home and abroad, and forms a kind of *vade mecum* for all classes of society: the short, pithy paragraph for the politician — the budget of figures and stocks for the business man — the anecdotes for the jovial reader — and the long tale of love and murder for those who read for pastime; and, even within this part of the contemplation, we are compelled, perforce, to allow to editorial life a greater degree of variety than that which enters into any other human occupation. There is a luxury in feeling that, for a while at least, you are the only person who has the news; that if war has broken out abroad; if the Empress Eugenie has been safely delivered of a prince; if there is a fall in the price of corn; if California has gone for Buchanan; or any other event, the announcement of which will allay public curiosity, has occurred, you, for the time being, and until you send forth your paper, are its sole depository, and that, through you, it is to be first imparted to the community. What wonders, in railroad and horseback expressing, have been achieved, to gratify this one phase of editorial ambition! How the large capitals and the small capitals have flared above some simple announcement, which it cost the Herald and the Tribune hundreds of dollars, besides much intriguing, much cunning, to obtain! And shall I pull aside the veil, and reveal the secrets of the composing room; how hard the hands worked; how many thousand ems each one set; what a fine supper of oysters and lager they had to wind up on; and what a glow of exultation they felt, when they sent the Devil, at the dead hour of midnight, with their first sheet to the rival across the way!

It would tire me to tell, and you to hear, all that might be told of the minor, and seemingly unimportant concerns of the Newspaper. The task is unnecessary. I turn from it to contemplate, for a few moments, some of the wonders of the Newspaper Press. The growth

of the Press is the most remarkable event of the past three centuries. The world's progress has made the Press its greatest result. It has been the legitimate consequence of civilized power — the creature of enlightened association — a necessity and a scourge in the same breath — needful as a vehicle of thought, but feared, always, lest its independence should overturn existing customs, and cause men to substitute others, in their stead, of less despotic tendencies. No element of human association is beyond its influence. From the least to the greatest, it daily mixes and mingles with all the affairs of life. In time of peace, it is the world's great advocate, for all the varied forms of human amelioration. It speaks, and cities rise or fall — new avenues of trade are opened — new seas explored — new worlds discovered. The wand of the Enchanter is not more potent to summon airy visions, than is the Press to invoke substantial realities. In time of war, it is the world's great arbiter, and verifies the conception of Bulwer, that

> "In matters truly great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword."

Nations then obey its behests, and conquerers are powerless in its presence. Hence it is, that tyrants hate the Press; that in Governments where the Monarch is or aims to be the State, the Press is subsidized — the victim of established censorship — and its faintest breathings for liberty stifled in their exhalations. Napoleon feared nothing so much as the Press; and his nephew is afflicted with a similar constitutional infirmity. England, the freest monarchy in the world, writhed under the statuesque rebukes of John Mitchell; and, even in our own land, truth is often taken, from the independent Press, as a bitter pill.

There is no power that so constantly controls the public mind. The editor does the thinking of the masses. His supporters look to him for information, and for thought. If a crisis occurs, he is the first to announce and to form an opinion of it. He sends the intelligence and the dissertation, together, before the world, and few read them who fail to adopt the views of the editor; thus, in effect, form-

ing their judgment before the paper leaves their hands. Ninety-nine hundredths of the readers of our leading journals, think the single hundredth, that differ in opinion with their favorite journalists, on any topic of general interest, a precious set of fools; and, as a consequence, this meagre minority exercise but little influence upon public concerns, how meritorious soever may be their views of them. A power which guides the great mass of human intelligence, as the compass guides mariners, or as the Bible guides Christians, of necessity knows no equal, in extent or comprehensiveness.

A remarkable feature of this influence is, that it makes no distinctinction between the Press and its conductor. It is not Greely, but the Tribune; not Bennett, but the Herald. A change in the conductors of these journals, would not essentially disturb their widespread influence. Unlike law, or medicine, or theology, which are of no practical utility unless associated with favorite dispensers of their benefits, journalism is associated, mainly, with the medium through which its labors are communicated. The drudge who sets behind the scenes — who manages the wires, and puts the wondrous machinery in motion — is less an incident to make up the concatenation, in the eyes of the great public, than the paper, type and ink that have given his thoughts expression. A striking commentary this upon the permanency of the influence of the Press on one hand, and the misdirection of public appreciation on the other. That ungenerous public, ever more ready to condemn than applaud, which complain of a venal and licentious Press, cannot be too often reminded that the remedy is under their own control. Until they learn to appreciate and reward journalists, as they have learned to appreciate and reward statesmen, lawyers and others, they have no right to complain of their seemingly inadequate labors. No class of laborers in the mental vineyard perform more work for the public, and none are so much neglected who deserve so well. Who is it makes the statesman? Were he judged by the same standard that is employed to judge of the editor, the Representative Hall and Senate Chamber

would not excite the emulation in the American mind that they have done, or will continue to do. Man must feel in his own soul the force of public appreciation, before he can begin fully to appreciate himself, and summon into action those latent energies that alone can immortalize him. Who ever heard of a public ovation offered to an editor? On what occasion has the nation manifested any public sorrow at the death of a distinguished journalist? No; the man who read the Evening Post twenty years ago, and believed in the correctness of its opinions, reads it with increased zest to-day, and indorses opinions that he would have scouted when he first began to read the paper. He will read it with the same admiration ten or twenty years hence, when the grass is green on the grave of Bryant, and time has determined that, not as an editor, the chief pursuit of his life, but as a poet alone, he is to be immortal. The child will love the paper that his father venerated, and thus generation after generation will go and come, and find the same journal, whether the same in opinion or not, exercising its influence over them—an influence attributable perhaps, some century before, to the enlightened character of its opinions, but which alas, in the progress of time, has become selfish, cold, unsympathising, and possessed of none of the elements of national greatness; while owing all its power to some unimportant reminiscence connected with its name, or what is of less consequence, some ancient family predilection, that should have perished with those by whom it was entertained.

Until this feature of American journalism can be destroyed, and editors themselves called out of their sanctums, to fill such public positions as they are qualified and entitled to fill — until, indeed, the distribution of rewards for public service is as general among journalists as other classes, the improvement and elevation of the American Press must depend mainly upon the slow and precarious improvement in the mentality of the age.

These remarks are not designed to underrate, even in its proscribed condition, the power of the American Press, but simply to place journalism, as a profession, in its proper position. The Ameri-

can editor must fight his own battle. He must not only know and feel, but he must assert and vindicate his rights. No one can do it so well as he. He wields the power that controls all other powers; and the same effort employed in behalf of his own profession, that he employs to advance other public interests, will establish his claims to respectable station and public consideration. Why should he hesitate? Look at his responsibility. See what a world of mind he sways — how much of the initiative of every subject, that aids in the formation of the spirit or the enterprise of the age, fills his pen! Is there a railroad projected — a school house planned — a history, poem or fiction written — the foundation of an embryo city laid — a candidate for public honors nominated — any thing new in the world — he is the first to know it, to make it known, and to say the first kind words in its behalf. He shadows forth

> "The very age and body of the time,
> Its form and *pressure*."

Why should he, who thus hazards the sternest rebukes of public opinion, be denied its choicest honors? There is no honesty or justice in that discrimination which confers these rewards upon persons, whose occupations in life have poorly qualified them for a discharge of their duties, and withholds them from others, whose lives have been one great battle for all the elements of human progress. The indiscriminate generosity which our journalists lavish upon all the rest of mankind but themselves, is sadly out of place in this noisy, bustling age. There is no merit in such ridiculous modesty.

The time has gone by when the Press need to fear the competition of any other power for superior mastery over mankind. One by one the old influences that swayed the world, formed its morals, its thoughts and its enterprise, have paled their ineffectual fires before this brighter luminary. Even the Christian ministry, the most permanent of all these agencies, is not greatly in advance of its young and persevering contemporary. Vital religion, such as our forefathers employed to regulate their worship, has been in a great degree superseded by unmeaning formalities, fashionable churches, and dandy

clergymen. Our Peters and Johns have doffed their fisher's garments, and smell of musk and cologne, and the Rev. Cream Cheese has become the type of a class already more numerous than any other. We look in vain for the evidences of an influence, outside the Press, that will reach very far into the future. The most casual observer must perceive, that the office now performed by other agencies, upon the morals of the age, is made up of externals, and finds but small space in the sordid hearts of the men of the present generation. Other causes, more directly originating in selfishness, and which also attest the existence of a higher civilization than any of merely moral origin, oblige men to observe the practical duties inculcated by older instrumentalities, and under their dictation, they preserve as correct moral deportment as the most devoted churchmen, and make as decided an impression upon the cause of good morals in the community. Is it irreverent to ask what more is necessary? Is not reason a better teacher than fear? Is not the mind a more reliable adviser than the passions? Man may and must, in the light of a greater, learn to forget the teachings of a lesser civilization, without forgetting or abandoning any of those glorious affinities which reach beyond his earthly to his heavenly state. The barriers once erected against vice, had a foundation in the most slavish and least intellectual emotion of the soul; the Press, on the contrary, as a reprover of public immorality, appeals directly to man's better nature — holds up his error before him — depicts its various evil consequences — shows how it may be corrected, and persuades him to abandon it, simply that he may realize the luxury of doing good. The necessity for purity of life, is enforced by so many considerations through the Press, that it is impossible it should fail to supersede any other moral influence. Truth, home-bred, every-day truth, concerning our species, the world over — their joys — their sorrows — their achievements — their failures — their crimes — their virtues — fills every news column of the daily paper with its wonderful and humiliating contrarieties. We learn the condition of nations; the springs that have undermined some, and the virtues that have built up others.

Even the advertisements, which tell of the good and bad fortune of our fellow-creatures, are not without a moral power of prodigious extent. All these, and a thousand unenumerated subjects which form the staple of the daily Press, plead, like so many orators, for the cause of good morals and the progress of our race.

In such a warfare as that which must ever exist between truth and error, no power is stronger than the Press; and when the age begins to realize this fact, and the Press, imperceptibly almost, occupies the position of chief censor, we need not be surprised at any moderate revolution of ideas which will involve the possible overthrow of many moral agencies, upon which the world had before depended. If the old influences, already half deprived of their moral power, should be overwhelmed in some such quiet convulsion, the world, of necessity, must find in the Press an adequate successor. This fact, in its turn, as it will impose increased responsibility, will also produce new reform in the morals of the Press, which will then reach its proper destiny, and become the faithful representative of the civilization of the age. Glorious consummation! What grander achievement has been accomplished in the past three centuries? Behold it as the great propelling and developing power, which for all that period, without intermission, has carried the human race towards a goal yet scarcely discernible through the mists of the future. Who shall complain, if, in this march of progress and of triumph, it has stricken down some cherished opinions, undermined some favorite belief, overthrown some long-established dogmas; if indeed, in its onward career, it threatens to make the disjunction with antiquity more marked, by consigning to its mouldy and moss-covered depositories, principles and professions still unbereft of all their vitalizing ascendency over mankind? Is not the consequent influx more than compensatory?

What is true of the influence of the Press upon the cause of good morals, is equally true of its influence upon politics. It makes and unmakes Presidents and Statesmen; yielding to no power as its superior — not even that which proceeds directly from the Senate

House, or which is promulgated from the Stump. Like the constant droppings that wear the stone, so the emanations from the Press destroy the opinions which have been formed upon the false and chimerical data of the past. They light up, like so many constellations, the path into the future, and statesmen, no longer teachers, wonderingly follow them. Moral revolutions, which, two centuries ago, could not have been perfected without bloodshed, and which would have consumed whole eras, are now begun and completed in the briefest period. The Press announces an improvement to-day; it is reëchoed by ten thousand voices to-morrow, and the next day the work is practically done—awaiting only its moment of trial to illustrate its benefits, and to become installed among the achievements of the age. Political battles are more thoroughly, more peacefully fought by the presses of contending parties, than they were by statesmen or factionists two hundred years ago. No such idea as that, to deprive a man of power, you must deprive him and his adherents of liberty or life, is inculcated by the Press. What was accomplished by the axe, the faggot and the scaffold, two centuries ago, is now accomplished by free discussion. The will of the people is propitiated, if the principle of its choice prevails. It seeks no greater triumph—asks no baptism of blood—at its inauguration. Hard names, vile imputations, degrading epithets, reckless charges, false assertions—these are the weapons too frequently employed by party presses; but, controlled as they are by the sober judgment of enlightened, dispassionate readers, the injury they inflict is abundantly counterpoised by the spirit and energy which they infuse into the laws and institutions of the Government. Careless, negligent, corrupt or cowardly officials, cannot long exist beneath the scathings of an independent Press. It renders them odious to the people, and directs their choice to capable successors. It is more powerful to command obedience than were all the bloody engines of the Plantagenets and Stuarts.

The political editor, in his sanctum, "plays on a harp of a thousand strings." His audience, without, listen to condemn and applaud. On his own account it matters little what he writes, for nobody thinks of

him when reading his paper; nobody, certainly, calculates how much labor of thought—how much midnight oil—how much anxious care, have been expended upon the editorial column: the only questions suggested by it are, Will it aid our cause? Is it the right doctrine for the times? How thankless, methinks I hear one say, must be the occupation of an Editor! Not so, my friend; for, though unappreciated by his readers, the editor himself, in order to maintain his position, must appreciate them. He looks out upon the great world, from the loop-holes of his retreat, to see the effects of his music. Does it please?—are the people moved by it?—has he touched the right chord? He plays the tune over, in a higher key; bolder notes strike upon the ear. What before was persuasive, is now dictatorial; what before was low and inarticulate, is now sonorous and peremptory. It vibrates upon the public ear. The old politician denounces it as trash; the moralist condemns its ethics; the religionist proclaims it impious; but it withstands all these assaults, and commands the applause, as it arouses the sympathy, of the masses. It grows into a never-dying note—more delightful—more effective—more enduring, than any ever improvised by Paganini or Ole Bull. Like the Hindoo snake charmer, the editor has full control of his readers, and makes them play such antics before high heaven as the gods will laugh at. They have learned to think that his journal knows better what mental food they should batten on than they do themselves. No matter now what world he explores—

"He rules, like a wizard, the world of the heart;"

politics, theology, science, art—all the multiplied and multiform kinds of association—so that his paper indorses them, find among his readers a majority of supporters. Thus he becomes, unintentionally, the manufacturer of public opinion, the pioneer of mind, and the preparer of parties and their doctrines. It is no injustice to any statesman, who has been instrumental in the introduction and promulgation of political truth, to claim for the Press the principal merit of recommending it to popular favor. Without its aid, the mightiest truth

ever uttered on the floor of the American Congress, would not survive the generation in which it found utterance. What the Press lacks in strength and ingenuity, it more than realizes in its powers of reproduction and dissemination. All read the newspaper; while few read, or care to read, the more elaborate illustration of the politician. The influence of great men over the people, is not so much in what they say, as in what is said of them. The majority of readers are content to learn that Mr. Such-a-one has made a speech, without troubling themselves to read it. The account given in their favorite journal is sufficient. The power thus concentrated in an editor, knows none of the checks that surround the politician or the clergyman, for the reason that the public respect is greater for his paper than for him. A corrupt politician is soon fathomed and deserted—a clergyman who fails to please, is easily, and often undeservedly, victimized to make room for another; but the editor, whose individuality is absorbed by his pursuit, encounters no such vicissitudes of fortune. He, the most potent of all public teachers, may transcend the limits of all others, in his illustration of truth, and escape with impunity. He may torture it; deny it; suppress it; crush it; and, for the few that he offends, he will gain an increased number of friends and supporters. Under our laws, in the hands of a corrupt man, there can be no more dangerous enemy to republican liberty than a venal press. Its power to wield the public mind, and poison the public morals, may overturn the Government itself, for aught of a counteracting tendency in any other power. One of the most powerful presses in this or any other country, has been built up from nothing, during the past twenty years, upon a basis of the most infamous morals, and the most faithless politics. It is unnecessary to particularize, or to go far for evidences, that the press alluded to, for extended influence, has few, if any compeers in the world. It has been followed by slander and libel suits; it has been denounced over and over again, by all the presses of the land; its conductor has been subjected to personal rebuke, indignity, and punishment; it has been repeatedly abandoned by thousands of subscribers;—but each and all of these various

devices, have served to swell its importance and increase its patronage, until now, more reckless in its designs and more devilish in its spirit than ever, it laughs to scorn every effort to reduce its support, or to destroy its influence. That such a press should be sustained, not by rowdies and reckless politicians, but by intelligent, moral, well-meaning citizens, is one of the curiosities of the remarkable age in which we live.

Very different from this, with which however it is often confounded, is that independence of the Press which rises above all considerations of expediency in its utterance and advocacy of truth. A judicious exercise of this power imparts to the editorial profession a dignity and importance which, I regret to believe, has as yet, in few instances only, been fully attained. A time-serving, dissimulating spirit, originating in the constitution of political parties, and which it requires too great an effort of moral courage to overcome, characterizes most of our partisan papers. It is easier, as you, gentlemen, will readily conceive, to preach than to practice on such a subject; but as I am no longer an editor, you will not hold me accountable for any breach of professional etiquette, if I venture to travel a short distance into this delicate ground.

No fear of public opinion should control editorial liberty. That editor fails to appreciate the liberal spirit of investigation which characterizes the age, who permits policy or partisan zeal, or desire for preferment, to overshadow his judgment or darken his counsel. He mistakes the grand object of his profession, which is to disseminate truth and enlighten opinion. The boldest journalist, who takes hold of the elements of society with a will — though often wrong, often opposed to his readers — never loses his friends, or impairs his influence. He makes his mark, deep and strong, upon the age; builds up for his journal an enduring character, and, oftener than any other rationalistic agency, inaugurates some new and valuable reform. The world knows no nobler occupation than that of an independent journalist. Brought into daily conflict with the vitalizing principles

of civilized society — obliged, by his position, to know what is occurring all over the world — finding access, through his journal, to all conditions of men — conversing with and teaching them — giving them that which they soon learn to believe is the next necessity to food and raiment; does he not degrade the lofty and responsible position he occupies, when he condescends to dissemble and prevaricate, for selfish and sinister purposes? If there be one avocation in life, whose end and aim should be wholly unselfish and philanthropic, it is that of the journalist; simply because, in that avocation more than any other, is man charged with the performance of important labors for his fellows.

The Newspaper is the people's educator. It performs its office everywhere—is welcomed alike by all classes of society. The great work of instructing the masses in the true science of our Government, can be practically accomplished through no other agency. A community without a Press, is like a body without circulation; there is no life in it. If every journalist felt this, few would fail to pursue the course dictated by his position. His conscience would be charged with the responsibility, and the Press would soon be freed from that disgraceful subserviency which forms so great an impediment to its usefulness.

It is by no means desirable that this reform should be carried to the extreme for which many contend. There is a vain-glorious as well as an intellectual independence among journalists. I have known editors to act upon the principle, that they were independent of every thing going on in the world around them. They would not notice a railroad favorably, lest the officers should suspect them of wanting a free ticket. They would deliberately abuse a steamboat captain and his craft, to avoid the imputation of having praised them. Folly like this is not worthy to be called editorial independence. There is a recklessness, so to speak, inseparable from the independence for which I plead, which gives character and individuality to every thing it touches—which places a paper in the foremost rank of all mental energies—so that the mere mention of its title, like an

electric shock, imparts a forcible idea of its power. Every paper thus individualized is a public benefactor, of more value for the dissemination of truth and popular instruction, than all other agencies ever employed for those purposes. Political editors, while true to the principles, need not defend the errors of their parties. Defaulters, peculators and demagogues will thus be restrained, through fear, in their carcer of infamy. This independence, twenty years ago, would have saved the country millions, and avoided the precedent of abominable example. The people, generally prompt to punish flagrant offenses against their moral sense, learn who are guilty through the Press—which thus becomes the most powerful coädjutor of Republicanism.

As political power is the only power in our Government that can destroy it, so is it the only power that can carry it forward to its destined goal. Journalists should never lose sight of this fact. Let statesmen yield. When journalists do it, a real danger threatens the nation. It is in times of popular commotion, when parties are convulsed, and even editors feel that there is a possibility of their preferment; when constancy, courage and fidelity are most needed, that the Press is influenced to barter principle and compromise faith.

Neither our country nor any other has yet felt the full effect of an independent Press upon the formation and perpetuity of political association. Journalism in France doubtless led to the Revolution of 1848, and, by that achievement, demonstrated that it was in advance of the age. The people did not know how to improve the freedom they had obtained, and returned to a worse despotism than the one they had destroyed. Anonymous journalism, through the London Times, rules the empire of Britain. It has brought to a successful close the bloodiest war of modern times, in which, without its aid, the allied arms of England and France would have been tarnished. A mightier victory awaits the efforts of all the trans-Atlantic journals, when they shall have overcome the tyrannical laws, the antiquated opinions, the long-established customs and the settled prejudices that surround them, and, as the consequence, shall hear the chains falling

from their prisoners, see hope lighting the eyes of the pale inmates of their alms-houses, behold labor reaping the just reward of its toil, listen to the crash of falling dynastics, contemplate the utter abjectness of the minions of power; all of which, like so many glorious visions, are boldly prefigured as the offspring of an early future. It is their mission to tear down and destroy, ours to build up and beautify. In Europe all is old and faded; in America all is new and roseate. While we pity Europe, we cannot be too thankful for America.

One of the most important duties which the Press can perform for the age, is to crush out the weak and trashy literature that has found its way to popular favor. The existence, to say nothing of the continued growth and dissemination of this disgraceful spawn of sickly sentimentalism and professional exquisitism, is a reproach of no small magnitude to the American Press. But for the aid it has received from that, it could never have been introduced; and the immediate withdrawal of that aid only, is necessary to its entire annihilation. The Press is responsible to the American people for every hour that its existence is prolonged. It is also responsible for the great injustice that authors of real merit suffer, whose works are exposed to a competition with works that are worthless or degrading. If the Press fails to discriminate between that which is pure and that which is impure, who shall select for the great mass of American readers? The influence of the Review is restricted; it does not penetrate to that great middle class of society, whose enlightenment on all subjects must be effected through journalism alone. That editor who lauds without discrimination, or even without examination,—as is too often the case—the volume sent him by a mercenary publisher, simply in return for the present, has never calmly reflected upon the injury which, in a few years, such a course may entail upon society. He has not estimated his own power at its true value, or felt the high and holy responsibility of a public teacher. The American Press suffers, in contrast with the English Press, more by comparison of the influences which each respectively exerts upon the literature of

its country, than in any other manner. The literature of England is the purest in the world—thanks to Jeffrey, Brougham, Wilson, Macaulay, and others. Impurity, false taste, stupidity, insidiousness, the common and increasing characteristics of our literature, have, in England, been so often scourged out of existence, that they dare not expose their diminished heads to a British public. In France, an elegant licentiousness constitutes the principal charm of all fictitious composition. This is reflected upon society, imparting to it other hues than mere *coleur de rose.* Our literature, with many of the excellences of British literature, contains much of the licentiousness of the French school—some of the transcendentalism of the German, and a vast deal that is *sui generis*, which is coarser in its elements, more depraving in its tendencies, than all the others combined. Yet what nation has surpassed ours in its genuine literary ability? Look at Irving and Cooper, in fiction; at Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck and Willis, in poetry; at Bancroft, Prescott and Hildreth, in history; at Curtis, Godwin and Lowell, in satire. We have beautiful flowers enough, but they need to be nurtured and developed; freed from weeds, and warmed by the genial sunshine of a discriminating and appreciative Press.

A great work for science and art must also be performed by the Press. From nothing does our society suffer more than the impostures of men who, in the name of one or the other of these departmental causes, seek to pander to the ignorance and cupidity of the age. Genuine science is overshadowed by the innumerable assumptions that have filled its vocabulary. We have ceased almost to think of the knowledge designated by the old-fashioned names of Mathematics, Metaphysics, Geology, or Astronomy. The "sciences" of Biology, Psychology, Free Love, Spiritualism, Fourierism, and many other newly-ascertained fields of exploration, now occupy the public mind. The man who does not believe that Bacon was an enthusiast, and that Locke was insane, and who fails without evidence to indorse the vagaries of Edmonds, and the octogenarian discoveries of Dr. Hare, is a fogy of the most unqualified and irredeemable char-

acter. Can the Press escape the blame of having been the principal cause of these whimsical idiosyncracies? What other public agency has done so much to give them currency? Does the concoctor of some villainous compound of drugs, seek to herald its assumed virtues as a catholicon, without fully understanding that it cannot in any other manner gain access to popular credulity? Does the half-crazed female, who supposes herself to be the medium through which the spirit of Benjamin Franklin or Daniel Webster, or some other distinguished man, has a mission to perform for mankind, owe the hearing obtained for her rhapsodies to any other power than the Newspaper Press? Is that annual gathering of malcontent-women, who have forsaken their husbands and their nurseries, to consider the various infringements to which, since the creation of mother Eve, their rights have been subjected, indebted for its notoriety to any other power than that of the Press?

Equally indiscriminate is the notice which the Press bestows upon indifferent works of art. The vender of uncouth effigies of Washington and Clay, coarsely made of plaster, and which he sells for a dollar each, is the artist whose works are the most remunerative. Yet our country gave birth to Powers, Clevenger, Cole, Sulley, and Story. Until the Press attains that period of development when readers can afford to be generous, and editors sincere, we shall look in vain for an end to empiricism, pretension and incapacity, in science and art. Our lovers of the former will complete their education in the free schools of France and England; while those of the latter, like Powers and Story, will seek fame and fortune near the halls of the Vatican, or the galleries of Florence.

Hobbyism is a mania with some editors. The day when the world was swayed by a single idea, has a suggestive history for those who believe in that form of government. We are informed that, during the existence of that power, the sun and moon stood still, the earth was frozen in its orbit, and progress ceased its operations. If our political Joshuas would not commit a like outrage upon the social world, they must not forget that they are laboring for the race, and

not for their own narrow or selfish gratification. He who can see no virtue except in his own formula—who has a single specific for every thing—is as poorly qualified for an editor as the painter was for an artist, whose idea of taste, grandeur and design was embraced in the delineation of a red lion, whenever his skill was called in requisition. No editor should be satisfied to

"Cramp his genius over a pestle and mortar."

The world around him is full of subjects. He need never want for variety — has no excuse for dullness or stupidity, or what is worse, for a blind adherence to any cause, in morals or politics, that with him is only a hobby. His aim should be to make his paper as acceptable in the drawing-room as in the counting-room. He should write, not only of politics and general news, but of firesides and home joys. He should not forget, while writing for the hard-faced, flinty man of the world, who estimates his labors as he would calculate the gains and losses on a column of his own ledger, that the home of that man is, perhaps, enlivened by the presence of a fireside circle which will look for something of a more genial nature to satisfy their heart-cravings. He should remember that none but the favored one possesses equal power with him to invoke the sympathy of woman; and could he look, from his sanctum, in upon the little domestic circle, made happy by his labors, sure I am, no brother of the quill would deprive himself of the luxury of at least feeling that he had such a possession. Give the pen free range, the imagination ample scope, and forget not that you are writing for the masses, and answering sympathies shall make every valley and hill-top vocal in the land.

I had thought to discuss, at some length, the subject of Editorial Personalities, but as the instance was never yet known where any brother ever engaged in warfare of this kind without being first provoked by his opponent, no remedy has been discovered for the evil.

It is not my purpose, nor did I meet you here on this occasion, to wage an unreasonable war with your vocation. It is not the fault of

editors only that the American Press is indiscriminate and unobserving. A like spirit affects every branch of our society, and the Press partakes less of it, in degree, than almost any other form of public communication. The learned professions are full of it. The lawyer cringes beneath the hand that feeds him, and the man of God makes sad compromises with his duty. All classes are affected by the politic spirit which business associations and political aspirations have almost unconsciously introduced. But a reform, to be thorough, must begin with the Press.

Brother Editors! This is to be your work in the future. Do you need any reasons for its commencement? You have reasons enough in the freedom, the greatness, the beauty, the grandeur, the extent, and the rapidly augmenting power of your country. Incomparably greater, in all the elements that can impart true glory to a nation, than any other on the wide earth's surface; with a future which is unincumbered with the work of tearing down and exterminating old and worn-out theories of Government or Religion; with no thrones to destroy—no royal blood to shed, but every thing to build up, adorn and beautify; with a literature to establish—halls of learning and of art to supply—untried political experiments to confirm—a free people to refine and elevate; surely, as the conductors of the world's great engine of thought, you have both reasons and inducements for hastening forward the reform in which you are already engaged. In the light of so grand a contemplation of the future, you are without excuse if you prove recreant to its teachings. A brighter day is dawning upon your avocation, and you alone can hasten its approach. For such a purpose, it seems to me, you can most profitably employ the annual opportunity you enjoy for mutual consultation and advice. Gathering here, bringing with you the ripe experience and observation of each passing year; coming from every portion of this great State, you, Brother Editors of Ohio, have it in your power to furnish to your fellows elsewhere, a most convincing example of the duty, the power and the principle of a free and independent Press. The work is laid out before you. No part of our country can be more

greatly benefited by it than that in which your lot is cast. Strike with power. Let the Reform be broad, and deep, and radical; the work of a gradual, but unmistakable progress; of a profound, yet determined principle. Then in that good time, which you and your children, and your children's children may enjoy, as the work of your own beginning, you may wish for blessing, even as Pygmalion, who prayed that the image of his own creation would burst into being and embrace him; and you shall not wish in vain.

POEM.

By Metta Victoria Victor.

The Past and Present.

[The Past, indignant at the assumption of the Present, rises and confronts her.]

"From out my shadowy realms I come,
Vexed with thy vain and garrulous pride,
To strike thy boastful voices dumb,
And match our virtues side by side."

"Well said! thou phantom Past, arise!
And let us now our worth compare: —
When did'st thou spread beneath the skies
A land like this, so great, so fair?"

"'Tis true that Freedom, erst unknown,
Unbinds the hearts and minds of men;
But Nero, on his tyrant's throne,
Ruled not so absolutely then
As meaner things are ruling now.
You cringe, you creep, you hardly breathe!
Before a gilded front you bow,
Tho' base the metal underneath!"

"But thou did'st wade from age to age,
Knee deep in blood: thy brightest fires
Were those where hero, priest and sage
Were offered on thy funeral pyres."

"Fanaticism, wrong and hate
  Convulsed my people many times,
But all their virtues were as great
  As were their most stupendous crimes.
Courage, that was not idle breath;
  Courage, that stood immortal tests —
That mocked at ease and welcomed death,
  Burned fiercely in half-savage breasts.
But in your day, disease and pride
  Make cowards of your pampered nerves;
Men truckle, lie, in flowers hide
  The crooked line from truth that swerves."

"The bards on thy Olympian hill
  Grew brilliant on 'ambrosial' wine,
But now a thousand voices fill
  The world with oracles divine.
My valleys murmur o'er with song;
  My purple heights resound above —
Sweet measures — breathing dread of Wrong,
  And soft with Beauty, Faith and Love."

"Aye! twice a thousand silver notes,
  Blown from your flutes of dainty rhyme,
Excel not that one voice, which floats
  In resonance down from Homer's time.
Another mighty tide of song
  Comes rushing from the Dantean night;
While Avon's music, loud and long,
Sweep on in currents bright and strong,
  Drowning all lesser streams from sight."

"At least, we sing more noble themes;
  Not war, nor rapine, fire the strings"—
"Aye, waste in theories and dreams
  Your souls, and *act* the meanest things."

"All good — religion, science, art —
  Ne'er flourished as they flourish now:

Men reverence the pure in heart,
  And lift to Heaven the earnest brow.
Respect is paid to Man's estate —
  Equality of soul with soul:
The gifted now are really great,
  Nor crowns have absolute control.
The peasant's intellectual store
  May match the king's; — the humblest home
May boast a book, a picture, more
  Than the rich serfs of ancient Rome."

"Ha! ha! Religion? Dare you teach
  Your mocking doctrines to your SLAVES?
Science? Your Humboldt's hand can reach
  The highest plume of fame that waves;
His 'Cosmos' wears more glorious stars
  Than my astrologers plucked down: —
From such as he, my praise debars
  No jewel of his lustrous crown.
Where are your artists, who can paint
  The mighty thoughts of long ago —
Can shame the martyr or the saint,
  Of men like Michael Angelo?
Our Popes were vicious, but such hands
  They did commission to their worth;
And Genius, fired by their commands,
  Wrought wonders for the waiting earth.
Ah, tell me not the true Ideal,
  In souls or works more purely flowers:
Like a strong steed, the sordid real
  Rides down the spirit's fainting powers.
Men scorn the cheat of old romances;
  They put their hearts in harness tight,
And drive them o'er the lovely fancies
  That made the rough, old highways bright;
They have no time to seek some place
  Of rest along the shady way,

Where they may pluck some perfumed grace,
  To sweeten all the homely day.
No robbers from the hedges start,
  And, brave as bad, their gold demand;
For theft has grown a polished *art*,
  Which goes with *fashion*, hand in hand!"

"Thou art severe, thou grim, old Past;
  But this great truth of truths, thou'lt find: —
The Few hold not the Many fast
  In chains, which they at pleasure bind.
One mighty power is mine, at least,
  That the whole earth may speak its will;
That, swift as Morning from the East,
  New ideas through the earth may thrill.
In those dark days, when pillared stones
  Were all the records wise men kept,
Down to those hardly brighter ones,
  When missals in old convents slept,
Men *did not think;* or, if a thought
  Grew slowly in some laboring brain,
No mechanism its meaning wrought,
  That others might its beauty gain.
Men cursed their tyrants, deep and low;
  But, though misruled, deceived, misled —
Through the great masses, to and fro,
  No wild, electric current sped,
Urging them on to act as one —
  They could not, in concerted might,
Rise, as the mountain torrents run,
  Sweeping the things they hate from sight.—
Not Egypt in her ancient days,
  Nor Rome, upon her throne, seven-hilled;
Nor poet's first, prophetic lays,
  Nor God's, whose oracles once thrilled,
E'er wielded that majestic power,
  As simple as it is sublime,

Whose impress now marks every hour,
  Embodying all the age, and time."

"Aye, you have spoken truth;—The Press
  Has power my Emperors never found;
And, light on light, to rich excess,
  Like star on star, its heaven has crowned.
Your days, than mine, are far more bright,
  With no excuse for stumblings blind,
And you should shed a purer light
  On struggling, weary human-kind.
What evil passion, of old times,
  Is banished from the suffering earth?
What secret sins, or open crimes,
  Which haunted me, now have no birth?
Or, how much nearer Heaven's blue calm,
  Do souls of men or nations rise?
Doth love from hate bear off the palm,
  Beneath the charitable skies?
Go to! You have a dozen words
  Like 'Equal Rights,' 'Love,' 'Brotherhood,'
And yet, the vile ones drive the herds
  Of men, each for his private good.
And robbery now is only 'cheat,'
  And murder is but 'chivalry,'
While lies are but the flatteries sweet
  You pay to gilded trickery.
Church-service is the tithe you pay
  For license to be false and mean;
And state and people gaily play
  Deluded 'fly and spider' keen.
This boasted power, by you expressed—
  This Press, the 'lever of the world'—
O, let it move, nor ever rest
  Till ancient ills, like these, are hurled
From their firm hold upon the soil!
  Nor move it in the self-same round;

But meet them, and, with mighty toil,
  Tear up these cumberers of the ground,
And plant, instead, the golden seed,
  Which, blooming once, forever blooms:
Then I will yield to you the mede,
  And shrink into my ancient tombs.
Such power you have! and its abuse
  Troubles, to pain, the thoughtful few:—
O, put it to more glorious use!
  Be to your means and genius true,
Then peace and pure renown shall wait
On People, Press, Religion, State!"

MEMOIR.

By William T. Coggeshall.

The Character and Influence of Charles Hammond.

One who saw human life practically — who had reflected upon its ambitions and its heart-burnings; who had observed its motives, and had studied their origin and consequence — said that men were divided into two classes, and might be likened to hammers and anvils. Charles Lamb, taking a more humorous view of human nature, divided mankind into those who borrow, and those who lend.

Charles Hammond was not a man on whom other men forged projects or purposes; and he had ideas generously to give, or lend, as his own purposes, or the wants of those for whom he labored, seemed to require. The incidents of his life were few: it was heroic, but it was great in sentiment. There are men who, as the disciples of Mesmer would say, appear to be *en rapport* with all nature — who stand always within reach of the electric lines by which communication may be had with honest hearts, or a shock given to dishonest ones. Such a man was Charles Hammond. He was earnest, often wrong, but always sincere. Excitement is rippling agitation. Enthusiasm grows out of deep feeling; it has a strong, steady current. Charles Hammond had a large element of enthusiasm in his nature. He was honorably distinguished from those plodding characters, of whom it can be said: They are men of sense; but of whom it ought to be said: their sense is chiefly committed to memory, because business is done at their intellectual banks

on borrowed capital. Hammond had strong, original characteristics. He was true to his convictions — loyal to his sense of public duty. He regularly observed the sacred custom of family prayer, but when indignant, he uttered full, round Saxon oaths with emphasis; and he loved, unwisely, that which no man can so love, and always control his passions or command his faculties. Among all the Editors of Ohio — indeed, of the Great West — he is the chief object of interest to thinking men, because he was fearless, far-sighted, vigorous and uncorrupted. An earnest soul is like a glowing furnace: it may infuse genial warmth, or radiate scorching heat. A fiery furnace was in Charles Hammond's brain, and he never hesitated to let its flames shine, or its white, hot metal flow, when he believed that a subject ought to be illuminated, a friend protected, or an enemy scorched. He was a sinewy, solid man. He had a rough frame, and deep lines were in his face. He inherited an imperious will, an active temperament, and a vigorous constitution. His early life was adapted to the nurture of individuality — marked individuality — which ambrotypes itself upon the minds with which it comes in contact, and is transmitted from the present to the future, as the ambrotype may be transmitted from plate to plate, by virtue of positive qualities. His tastes were simple, but his habits were not regular. His dress was cheap, and always unassuming. Simplicity of dress was a necessity in his boyhood, and so was simplicity of education. He did not attend school until he had become a man. His father was his tutor, at the generous fireside of a pioneer cabin, in the wilderness of Western Virginia.

George Hammond,* the father of Charles, was a man of uncommon mental force, and physical endurance. He was tall and spare; his carriage was erect, and imposing. He had firm, practical judgment, uncompromising prejudices, and a sound, strong memory. He was a thoughtful reader, and a good talker. When Charles was

* Born 1748; married 1788; died 1813.

born — September, 1779 — his father resided in Baltimore County, Maryland. He had been a Royalist during the Revolution. He did not take up arms for the British, but he refused to aid the Continental Congress. Two of his brothers had been so active in the Royalist cause, that they found it politic to return to England when the war was over. George emigrated to Ohio County, Virginia, in 1785. As soon as Charles was large enough to work in the wilderness, he was required to assist in the severe labors incident to pioneer life. He delighted rather in the duties of the night, than in those of the day; for, when supper was over, under his father's instruction, he either read or studied, or listened to discussions of grave political questions, literary recitations, or historical descriptions. His father could recite whole plays of Shakspeare, and had committed to memory Young's Night Thoughts, and other poems. He impressed his prejudices, his passions and his energy upon all his sons and upon all his daughters, but most distinctly upon Charles. Himself a Federalist, he made all his children Federalists. His direct descendants are now rigidly conservative.

Early in life, Charles manifested an aptitude for writing. He exhibited a vein of poetic satire, in rude verses about his father's neighbors, which secured him several severe whippings. Flogging taught him caution, but did not dull his satire — caution as to the manner in which he published his verses; but, in reference to personalities, exasperating because felicitously descriptive, neither flogging in early, nor threats and bitter abuse in after life, could teach him discretion. Because he loved his pen and his book, and though a steady, was a reluctant laborer on the farm, his father determined that he should be a lawyer. Then did he, for the first time, attend an institution of learning. He was taught English and Latin grammar for a few months, when he entered the office of Philip Doddridge, of Wellsburg, Virginia, as a law student. He studied not only law, but political economy and the philosophy of history. He was a thorough and judicious reader, and rapidly gained influence among those with whom he became acquainted. His pen

was occasionally employed in discussions of local or general questions, but he attracted no attention as a writer till 1799, when he wrote for the *Scioto Gazette*, then and now published at Chillicothe, a series of bold letters in defense of Arthur St. Clair, who, as Territorial Governor, had become unpopular, because he assumed powers which the people were unwilling to grant him. The sharp sarcasm, and clearness of argument which distinguished those letters, at once declared their author to be a formidable political writer; and when it became known that they were from the pen of a law student, it was acknowledged that he was destined to wield positive influence as a politician.

In 1801, Mr. Hammond was admitted to the bar. He opened an office in Wellsburg, Virginia. Practice came slowly. He had leisure for political reading, and he did not fail to improve it advantageously; nor was he ashamed, when he had no briefs to prepare, to resort to other labor for his daily bread. He posted books and settled accounts for merchants, that his own personal accounts might be liquidated, and his wardrobe renewed. He wrote frequently for the newspapers, between 1801 and 1812, on political questions; but on account of the audacity of his spirit, and the keenness of his satire, did not always readily find a publisher for his articles. In 1813, being then a resident of Belmont County, Ohio, he determined to start a paper of his own. In August, 1813, the first number of the *Ohio Federalist* appeared, at St. Clairsville. It was a super-royal sheet, published by John Barry, for C. Hammond. Its motto was characteristic — a quotation from Cowper, in these words:

> "In Freedom's field, advancing firm his foot,
> He plants it on the line that Justice draws,
> And will prevail, or perish in her cause"

The *policy* of the *Ohio Federalist* was uncompromising hostility. In an early article, its editor said: "I shall resist this administration in a spirit of desperation, as a man bereft of all hope and reckless of what may befall him." An editor with that spirit could not be expected to be complimentary to his opponents. Mr. Hammond published unmerciful satires, and vindictive personal attacks; for one

of which — upon Governor McArthur — he was called personally to answer by a blow with a cane. He did not have opportunity to defend himself with the same weapon, or return the blow, but the columns of the *Federalist* gave his assailant good reason to believe that the pen was mightier than the cane. In 1817 the *Federalist* was discontinued, because the extremists, whose exponent it was, convinced that their cause was hopeless, had determined to abandon the positive agitation of their doctrines.

In 1816, Mr. Hammond was elected a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, for Belmont County; and he was reëlected in 1817, 1818, and 1820. In 1822, having been unsuccessful in agricultural speculations, by which he had hoped to make a fortune, he removed to Cincinnati, for the purpose of pursuing his profession closely, and, as he said, determined to let newspapers and politics alone. He was not able to keep that determination. He was very soon drawn into a discussion on church history with a Catholic Bishop, and during 1823 and 1824, wrote frequently on local and national questions. In 1825, he succeeded Benjamin F. Powers as editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. It was then published semi-weekly, and its motto was — "*Measures, not men.*" It became a daily in June, 1827, and Mr. Hammond was its editor till 1830 without a salary. He then demanded $1000 per annum, and it was paid him for a few years; after which, he received one-third of the profits, until April 3d, 1840, when, in the 61st year of his age, he died.

Charles Hammond's public career bore a three-fold aspect. He was a lawyer, a legislator, and an editor. It cannot be said that in either position he was a model, but it must be acknowledged that in all he gave token of eminent intellectual qualities, generous motives, and high purposes.

As a lawyer, he was industrious, clear-sighted, zealous for his client, and never mean toward opposing counsel. His cases were always thoroughly prepared, and his arguments, though not popular as specimens of oratory, were masterly in a legal point of view. Chief Justice Marshall said that his legal abilities were not ade-

quately appreciated. His efforts before the Supreme Court, in the Ohio Bank suit, gave him superior rank among the best legal minds of the nation. Judge Burnet, who was on the Supreme Bench of Ohio when Hammond was admitted to the bar, cherished firm confidence in his opinions; and in a sketch of his career, published after his death in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, asserted that his review of the opinion of Chief Justice Marshall, in the Ohio Bank suit, was never excelled.

Mr. Hammond retired from the bar in 1838, having, as a lawyer, held no higher place than that of Reporter to the Supreme Court of Ohio; which post he filled, from the establishment of the office in 1823, until he gave up the practice of the law. Instead of reporting in a State court, he might have given opinions in the highest legal tribunal in the nation. He declined an appointment to the Supreme Bench of the United States, because, as he said, he had a failing he could not control, which did not become the ermine. There was nobleness in that act of declining honorable office, which is as rare as it is high. Few men know their failings, or, if knowing, dare acknowledge them, and will decline important trusts on their account. Charles Hammond knew himself. He was conscious of abilities, and of weaknesses: he was neither vain-glorious of the one, nor morbidly sensitive of the other, and he would not assume responsibilities for which the latter disqualified him.

When Mr. Hammond left the bar, he took leave of more than one associate who was deeply indebted to him. Among them, was a man whose early life had been embittered by unrewarded struggles. He was almost disheartened, when Mr. Hammond, observing his efforts for business and their ill success, engaged in a case and procured his employment as colleague. Mr. Hammond superintended the preparations for trial, and was satisfied that, in all probability, his client would gain the suit. When the case was called in court, he said to his colleague, "I'm very ill; it's a sudden and violent attack. You must go on without me. You understand the case." The young man plead with Mr. Hammond to remain, if only for a few minutes

but he excused himself by saying that he was too sick, and immediately left the court room. There was no alternative. The young lawyer was thrown before the court. He followed Mr. Hammond's plans, and won his cause. In his satisfaction at the result, looking around the court room to catch the eye of some sympathising friend, he discovered Mr. Hammond in the gallery, where he had been during the progress of the suit, "as well as usual," to borrow a colloquial phrase. There was a tear of gratitude in the young man's eye; it answered to a look of joy which brightened Mr. Hammond's face.

In all of his relations of life, Charles Hammond was careless of money. Never, to him, did "the jingling of the guinea help the hurt that honor feels." He would not undertake suits merely because large fees were offered. Once, late in life, he was eager to grasp a fee. The directors of an insurance company desired his legal opinion. Two of them waited upon him. They were introduced by Stephen L'Hommedieu, his son-in-law. They told him that a poor man, with a wife and several children, had sold his homestead, and with the proceeds bought goods, with which he loaded a flat-boat destined for New Orleans. The cargo was insured, and the owner took as good care of it as he was able; but by an accident the boat was sunk, and, though he risked his life to save it, his property was lost. He returned home with his policy and asked payment of the insurance. It appeared that a certain formality, required by the rules of the company, had not been observed; payment was refused, and suit had been brought. Now, the directors wanted to know whether they ought to pay the boatman, and stop the prosecution. "You want my opinion as a lawyer, gentlemen?" said Mr. Hammond. "We do," they answered. "You represent that this man behaved honestly?" "So far as we know, he did." "Did it occur to you, gentlemen, when you came to ask my legal opinion, that you ought to bring money in your pockets?" This question rather perplexed the directors, but one of them answered, "We have some money; how much do you require, Mr. Hammond?" "Ten dollars," was his reply. The

money was handed him. He gave it to Mr. L'Hommedieu, saying, "Send that to the Orphan Asylum, Stephen." Then, turning to his clients, the light in his gray eye growing deep, said, with adjectives which added emphasis to his indignation, "He was honest, that man who insured with you? You say he behaved like an honest man? My opinion is, as a man and as a lawyer, that you had better go home and follow his example!"

In that answer lies the key-note to the tone of Charles Hammond's character. He was always intensely indignant at any unjust exercise of power, especially if it wronged the weak; usurpation of authority he would not tolerate. That trait was preëminently exhibited in his legislative career. In 1816 he recorded his individual protest, upon the Journal of the House of Representatives, against an act which, in his opinion, "assumed the proposition, that the General Assembly might deprive one citizen of real estate and vest the title in another, at a price fixed by third persons." He regarded the doctrine as "a violation of justice, a subversion of the principles of free government, and repugnant to the letter and spirit of the constitution." The act against which he thus protested, authorized the court of Coshocton county, upon the application of a certain bridge company, to set apart a specified tract of land, to be occupied as an abutment, upon the payment of a price assessed by three freeholders whom the court should appoint. But, jealousy of authority was not Mr. Hammond's only characteristic as a legislator. He was active and diligent in routine business, and he served as chairman of several important committees. In 1818, a movement was made in the Legislature to provide for a Constitutional Convention. He was the chairman of that committee for the House, and made a report, which lucidly sets forth important reasons why a new Constitution for Ohio was then demanded. In that report Mr. Hammond said:—"Half a million of people, in their original capacity of individual sovereignty, peaceably deliberating on the expediency of remodeling their government! Utopian dreamers have imagined nothing beyond this, in their visionary commonwealths. It is a perfection in government which must

fill the heart of the patriot with gladness, and of which the first example may be given in Ohio: for it is believed that no such proceeding has yet been had in any of our sister states."

Mr. Hammond was the soul of the Ohio opposition to the doctrine of exemption from taxation, claimed by the United States Bank. From 1817 to 1821, he pressed his views upon the Legislature, yielding no point, accepting no argument, which showed the Bank sympathy or favor. He was chairman of the committee that reported in favor of taxing the Bank's branches in Ohio; and when they resisted, he was foremost in behalf of the measures which took away from them the protection of the State authorities. His legislative reports are remarkable for clearness of style and distinctness of purpose. They convinced the Ohio Legislature that the Bank could and should be taxed; but they failed to convince the United States Supreme Judges, when Mr. Hammond, as a counselor in the case, repeated them before their court. In after life, he acknowledged that he had been wrong, and that Chief Justice Marshall was right, when he decided against Ohio.

As a legislator, and as an editor, he was an earnest advocate of a general system of internal improvement, and of a thorough common school system. He was with the friends of education when the first general law for the encouragement of schools was passed, in 1821; and in 1836, while he stood alone among the political editors of Cincinnati, in vigorous rebuke of the abolition riots, which, by attempts to destroy the liberty of the Press, disgraced that city, he was foremost among those who cheered the self-sacrificing friends of education, then laboring for an intelligent revision of the school law of 1825.

There are editors who have a genius for dodging vexed questions. Enjoying political and financial, social and religious calm, they keep out of harm's way as dexterously as turtles, which, sunning themselves on a log, slip quietly into the water, whenever there is a ripple at their feet or a shadow over their heads. Mr. Hammond did not belong to that class; nor was he one of those who may be likened to

the thistle blows, which the passenger trains on our railroads, at a certain season of the year, take from their resting places, set dancing in irregular currents of air and carry away, some ten, some fifty, and some an hundred miles. He was not swayed by great, or by small excitements, which his judgment did not approve, but, in unswerving fidelity to his convictions, he dared to breast popular currents; and when indignant subscribers took what they thought revenge by stopping their papers, he was as unconcerned as that editor John G. Saxe describes, who, when an enraged patron entered his office and cried, "Send your paper to hell, Sir;" deliberately said to his mail boy, "Thomas, change the gentleman's address."

Mr. Hammond's motto was, Consider the right, and take the responsibility of maintaining it. Whenever there was responsibility in an article, he used the individual "I," instead of the editorial "we." His party could not persuade him to defend men whom he would not trust, and his enemies could not deter him from attacking what he believed to be wrong. His style was sententious; his language always plain. It is evident that his principal articles were well considered before he put pen to paper. Often the *Gazette* would be without an editorial for several days, and then Mr. Hammond would appear in a two or three column article, distinguished for personal invective or satire, or for forcible argument. He was intemperately severe, when in his judgment editorial opponents deserved a thorough lampooning, but if he met them in private life, was as courteous as if he had never expressed even political antagonism. Moses Dawson, for many years editor of the *Cincinnati Advertiser*—the forerunner of the present *Cincinnati Enquirer*—was Hammond's special subject. He exhausted the sarcastic, denunciatory and ironic forces of the English language upon Dawson; but when a man, who felt himself aggrieved by a paragraph in the *Advertiser*, struck Dawson down in the street, Hammond called upon his wounded cotemporary, and the next day denounced the attack as contemptibly cowardly. He did not discriminate between the man and the act, but said that the assailant

might consider the article, which had enraged him, republished in the *Gazette*. Dawson was not a match for Hammond in caustic retort. The *Advertiser* denounced Hammond as a traitor to his country. Hammond sued Dawson for a libel. Elijah Hayward was employed as counsel for the defendant. When the case was about to be tried, he called on Hammond, and requested the loan of a file of the *Ohio Federalist*. It was furnished him, upon his solemn oath that he would not show it to Dawson. The case was called in court, and Hayward appeared with Hammond's file of the *Federalist* under his arm. "What are you going to do with that?" said Hammond. "Read from it in mitigation of damages," was the reply. "What will you read, Mr. Hayward?" "Well, really, Mr. Hammond," answered Hayward, "I don't know what we shall *not* read. If the court has patience, we propose to present it nearly all." "No you won't, no you won't," cried Hammond; "I withdraw the suit." He was in earnest, and the suit was withdrawn at his expense. A few hours afterwards, he was seen talking jovially with Dawson.

Prominent in Mr. Hammond's editorial career, stands a noble defense of John Quincy Adams, when he was the representative of the right of petition in Congress. Mr. Adams, in a handsome letter, assured Mr. Hammond that his words came to him like a vigorous, electric cheer, when his heart had almost failed him. To Geo. T. Williamson, of Cincinnati, Hammond said there were but two scenes in modern times worth living for; — one was Luther, at the Diet of Worms, when his inflexible, honest will overcame Pontifical tyranny; and the other was John Quincy Adams, as the exponent of the constitutional right of the American people, to express their opinions and their wishes directly to their legislative servants. Charles Hammond was never inclined to both sides of a question, while he maintained non-committalism on either. He spoke out distinctly, and stated his reasons for his opinions clearly. He was tenacious of his views and emphatic in their support, but never cherished an error when it had been shown him, and never resorted to falsehood to gain a point. One great secret of Mr. Hammond's success as an editor,

lay in the fact that he discussed live topics. He wrote about that on which the people were seeking light by which to form opinions. He repudiated abstractions, and despised mannerisms. He always had a mark, and his editorial revolver, carefully loaded, was leveled steadily; the aim was sure, and the charges were lodged in the precise spot for which they were designed. Edward D. Mansfield edited the *Cincinnati Chronicle* when Mr. Hammond died. Two days after his death, he published an obituary notice in which he said: "In his peculiar way, Mr. Hammond had no equal. Though many were equally successful in winning popular favor, there was not one whose pen wrote the truth with more vigor, or whose words fell with more distinctness on the understanding. There was no avoiding the meaning, the point or force of his writings. No one provoked him in political hostility without regret, especially as truth always sharpened his arrows, and good sense gave them force."

As a journalist, Mr. Hammond described himself when, in answer to strictures upon the *Gazette* in 1832, he defined what he thought an editor ought to be:

"The legitimate vocation of a newspaper, is to circulate useful intelligence, and promulgate just and impartial views of public affairs. An editor should be one in whom confidence could be reposed, for soundness of judgment, integrity of purpose, and independence of conduct. He should possess varied knowledge, and large experience; and he should feel his station to be rather that of a judge dispensing justice, than that of an advocate making out a case. He should be zealous of the truth, and of that chiefly; and he should feel that to deceive purposely, was infamous; to deceive from credulity or inattention, highly reprehensible. He should distinctly comprehend that those who differ from him, might be as honest as himself, and as well informed, too; and he should know how to respect, while he opposes them."

Friends and enemies acknowledged that, in the progress of time, the impression Charles Hammond made upon his fellow-men has deepened; but he lives in personal recollections rather than in public influences; and it is not premature, therefore, to fix attention upon the significant lesson of his life — to pass it unobserved would be unjust to the dead and to the living. The lesson of the life of a great man is public property.

With uncommon power in argument, unusual command of express-

ive language, extraordinary facility in the employment of invective and satire; with honest purposes, clear convictions, generous impulses, available knowledge of history, and of law — powers and acquirements which opened to him the highest places in the State and in the Nation, and created expectations of permanent usefulness, associated with distinguished position, Charles Hammond died, when he was becoming an old man, leaving records worthy of preservation, chiefly because they show what he might have been — *might have been*, but for passions uncontrolled, for appetites debasing, which grew exacting with indulgence.

> "—— of all sad words from tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: — *It might have been.*"

Overlooking what Mr. Hammond was not, and remembering what he was — incorruptible by bribery, delicate or bold; undaunted by danger, physical or moral; loyal to truth, steadfast in friendship, uncompromising in political pursuits, but generous always to unprotected or vanquished opponents, the Editors of Ohio may proudly cherish his memory:

* A KEEN perception of the right,
A lasting hatred of the wrong,
An arm that failed not in the fight,
A spirit strong,

Arrayed him with the weak and low,
No matter what the opposing power,
And gave a terror to his blow
In battle's hour.

None were too low to meet his eye,
None were too weak to claim his aid;
To feel his anger, none too high
In place arrayed.

* CHARLES HAMMOND: A Poem, by Wm. D. Gallagher, who was his Associate Editor in 1839.

Man had his sympathies, not *men;*
The whole he loved, and not a part;
And to the whole he gave his pen,
His years, his heart.

Throughout the land his might was felt;
His words aroused the sluggish soul;
He shamed the knee, to power that knelt,
From such control.

Fired by his daring spirit's flame,
Filled with the truths he nobly taught,
In thought — word — action — men became
What *Freemen* ought.

He asked no leader in the fight —
No "times and seasons" sought to know —
But when convinced his cause was right.
He struck the blow.

Praise to his virtues! Greenly keep
The memory of the race he ran;
Ne'er let the living lesson sleep
Of such a man.

THE FRANKLIN FESTIVAL.

The Convention adjourned, from Sturges & Bigelow's Hall, to the Melodeon, where a liberal banquet had been prepared by the citizens of Mansfield. Between two and three hundred guests sat down to the amply-furnished tables. It was eminently a festive occasion.

Mrs. Deming, the vocalist, and the Ravenna Glee Club, were present, and entertained the audience from time to time with songs.

With toast, sentiment and song, the night passed swiftly away, until the near approach of morning hours compelled the banqueters reluctantly to adjourn.

Barnabas Burns presided, assisted by W. C. Catlin.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The day we celebrate — The one hundred and fiftieth birth-day of Benjamin Franklin.

Responded to by Wm. Schouler.

2. The Press — The rallying cry of Israel — it is "the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon."

Responded to by N. H. Van Vorhes.

3. Our dead of 1856 — Let us remember them as we would be remembered.

Drank standing, and in silence.

4. Our living of to-day — May they be strong for the truth and the right.

Responded to by S. D. Harris.

5. Free Schools — The fountain-head from which flow the streams that will perpetuate our Government; the co-workers with a free Press.

Responded to by J. D. Caldwell.

6. A sound morality and a generous courtesy — The noblest features which can characterize the Press; both can be sustained without the sacrifice of personal independence.

Responded to by H. D. Cooke.

7. Newspaper Readers — May they never forget that, as their taste is, so will ever be the quality of the intelligent food furnished them by the Press.

Responded to by G. A. Benedict.

8. The Orator of the day.

Responded to by H. L. Hosmer.

9. The Poet of the day.

Responded to by O. J. Victor.

10. The Ladies — May the roses upon their cheeks never fade, and their gracious smiles never disappear; and may they continue to lead captive many a bachelor, until none are left in our fraternity.

Responded to by W. T. Coggeshall.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

Mrs. Deming, and the Ravenna Glee Club — May they long live to grace with their presence and song many such occasions.

MAMMOTH FAMILY TOAST.

The State of Ohio — *May* she never be *Harris*-ed by foes without or within; may dissensions never be *Cook*-ed up within her borders, or her elements become *Riley;* may she never need a *Harper* to sing her

glories; may her editors never be caught *Knapp*-ing, but *Stout*-ly maintain the right, and *Schouler* people in the ways of knowledge and virtue; and may she *Marchond* in the clear light of *Day* to glorious and intellectual *Victor*-ies, and never need a *Benedict*-ion or the services of a *Saxton*.

The author of the foregoing toast professes to believe, with Dr. Johnson, that "a man that will perpetrate a pun will pick a pocket," and therefore declines having his name published as the propounder of this prodigy of the evening.

By W. C. Catlin, Principal of the Mansfield High School:

Printers — An intelligent, patriotic and virtuous class of citizens, notwithstanding each is possessed of a *devil*.

By J. D. Caldwell:

The People's Colleges — The hope of the Union.

By W. T. Coggeshall:

The clever fellows of the Mansfield Press — They have more than fulfilled the promises they made when they invited the Convention to sit in their town.

To the memory of the oldest inhabitant — Mr. Saxton, of Canton, for forty-two years (next April) the editor and proprietor of the *Canton Repository*.

To the next Convention — May every Editor who has a wife take her, and every Bachelor, meantime, become a Benedict, that he may not go alone.

The Editors of the *Mansfield Herald* published a daily paper during the session of the Convention, in which the proceedings were reported at length.

The members of the Press of Mansfield exerted themselves to make the visit of the craft agreeable, and when the Editors took leave of their town, there was but one sentiment among them; that sentiment was favorable to Editorial Conventions and banquets, and flattering to the editors and citizens of Mansfield.

Fifth Ohio Editorial Convention.

CLEVELAND, JANUARY 20, 1858.

PUBLIC EXERCISES.

Annual Address: By HENRY D. COOKE, of the *Sandusky Register*.

Poem: By S. D. HARRIS, of the *Ohio Cultivator*.

Memoir of Moses Dawson: By W. B. THRALL, of Columbus.

Memoir of Joshua Wilson, founder of the *Steubenville Herald*: By LECKY HARPER, of Mt. Vernon.

Address on the origin and growth of Newspapers in Ohio: By WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL, of Columbus.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS,

Editors and Publishers of Cleveland.

WM. SCHOULER, PRESIDENT,
COLUMBUS.

S. H. KAUFFMANN, SECRETARY,
ZANESVILLE.